

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

There recently sailed across the Pacific to Honolulu a man bent upon a great mission. He aims to buy up one of the Sandwich Islands and there found a colony upon new principles. His name is Boeter, an ex-lieutenant of the German army, and his people, or his sect, will be known as Fruitarians. They will eat nothing but ripe fruit uncooked, drink only water, live in huts unadorned with civilized furniture of any sort, and go naked. Could anything be more charming than such a life? Could any man cross the ocean upon a more revolutionary mission than this? Here we are hammering, and lifting, and dodging trolleys, and paying grocery bills, and what does it all amount to? We laugh at the little ant, pulling and hauling and skedaddling about all the time, and we wonder why it does not climb to the top of a hay stack and swing back and forth and have some fun, instead of toiling all through the pleasant summer weather. But man is just as absurd! Why not pack up our duds—of course, we would only require our duds *en route*—and join the Fruitarians? All we would have to do would be to sit under a tree near our hut and move a little around and around as the shadow of the tree shifted. If the fruit did not fall off the tree as we wanted it, we could cast lots to elect one of our number to climb up and procure food for us all. It would be a very reposeful life, and fruit and spring water being the only desires of the heart there would be no rich or poor in the midst, all having necessary things in equal quantity. Boeter has restored man to his Edenic simplicity, at one stroke having wiped capital and labor from the slate. There are men in this town who will no doubt join in the stampede for his colony, men who traduce capital as a principle and abhor labor as a practice, and others who never had a chance to lie down on the grass and question themselves as to the purpose of existence. All those who are treated as trespassers on earth may feel inclined to assist this movement, which would lead the race back to Eden and start it off again.

If it were possible to put mankind through such a physical process for two generations, without surrendering those coigns of vantage we have gained in all the arts and sciences, I think many of us would be willing to seal up the libraries, laboratories, marts, courts, mines and factories of civilization and resort to some balmy isle, there to drone our days away in primitive simplicity, funding our vitality and purifying our blood for the rejuvenation of the posterior race. That such naked savages as are now in existence do not exceed us in physical worth is a valueless consideration in this connection, for they are not of our stock. They fall short in quality. Let a man rest and he awakes refreshed. Let civilized people take two generations of repose from the worry and wear of civilization, and the race will return built up and empowered beyond belief. Why should man return at all? you ask. Some would not, but would prefer to loll forever under the date trees. Man in the beginning was full of energy, but there are some families who have had toll as their portion since the stones of the pyramids were heaved up into place by their strength, and it would take endless years for these to get the aches out of their bones so entirely that they would by choice return to the harness that civilization has ever put upon their tribe. Others than these would stay, and the race would come back like a tramp after a Turkish bath, leaving much behind, and the better for it.

Of course it is impossible for us to go back in this way to Nature for another blessing, and if it were possible it is likely that our experiences would unfit us for life in Eden. Boeter will no doubt find his naked disciples as thoroughly human as his former messmates in the German army. Before his little colony has been long in existence he will find his carpenters, machinists and other artisans turning their past experience to account in fashioning hooks for picking fruit out of the trees, and other labor-saving devices. His nude philosophers and scientists will be pursuing studies and recording impressions on bark with bits of thorn and wrangling on matters of belief. His mother—if he have one—will discover before she is in the colony two days, an herb from which she can brew a stout cup of tea. The tall man will be able to pluck fruit without climbing, and the short man will get mad and pick a basketful when he is about it and hoard this up as property. The tall man's wife will put a

flower in her hair and the short man's wife will find some wild berries and string them into a necklace. This will become the fashion and berries will acquire a value and be regarded as property. Two youths will love the same maiden and they will struggle each to possess something not to be had by the other, and they will acquire property. Everything that tends to make men different, to make one man hungrier than another, thirstier than another and more thoughtful of his own comfort, will combine to upset the plan of simplicity and equality projected by Bro. Boeter, and in ten years he will probably be footman at ten dollars a month and board for some New Englander among his present disciples.

A few weeks ago the readers of this paper were entertained and amused by an ingenious proposal of a contributor, who suggested that the city, instead of setting out maple and horse chestnut trees, should plant apple and other fruit trees upon all the streets, and as the crop matured sell it to householders. The occupant of a house was to have first call upon the tree before his premises, and in this way speculators would be shut out. It was urged that this scheme would soon produce a revenue that would almost carry the city along, and the originator of the idea contended that the fruit would not be stolen and the trees spoiled by small boys, because every citizen passing

out; the City Solicitor would have declared it illegal, and the Council would have smothered it. The mayor would have been blamed for the credit of proposing it without the risk and worry of executing it. But Mayor Pingree simply went and did it and showed every willingness to argue the matter while the potatoes were growing. It will not do to jump at the conclusion that all cities should grow potatoes for the poor upon its vacant lots, but it is safe to conclude that any city would profit by having a mayor with sufficient backbone to carry through a scheme so original and daring.

One might almost be led to suppose that the war between China and Japan was simply an experimental contest being held to enable Europe to study, in a comparative way, what a European war would mean with the modern implements of destruction. The naval engagement at the mouth of the Yalu river was not, in Western eyes, important because it resulted in the massacre of great numbers and in the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of shipping, but because it demonstrated that with modern warships everything depends upon fierceness and persistence of attack, and that medium-sized vessels capable of rapid movements are preferable to the immense structures costing a million dollars. The shipbuilders of Europe, and more especially England, have been im-

while firing from horizon to horizon, and the dead and living on both sides are drawn down to the ocean bed, so that the fact of a battle having occurred at all is not positively known—under these conditions the last vestige of fun has departed from the game of war. War of the old and glory-giving kind can only be found in out-of-the-way places. The French have found a chance to let heroes show their heroism in fighting odds in Madagascar, as also have the Portuguese in Kafirland. The British trouble recently on the African coast, though it developed into a mere massacre in time, yet afforded one example of what men of our race are made of and showed us what a charm war of the old style had for brave men. I refer, of course, to the out-riding party that found itself cut off and surrounded by natives, fought while they could, and then, joining hands, sang God Save the Queen while being cut to pieces with spears and bullets. When machinery makes individual courage no longer useful in war, war will cease, and then only.

The readiness with which all kinds of cries are used was never better exemplified to me than by the bitterness with which I was the other day reproached by an old workman friend of mine who was once, if he is not now, president of the Peddlers' Association. Because I had written something about peddlers being a nuisance on the business streets, where

mously on the increase in the business portions of the city. Offices are invaded every day and pitiful tales told which sound much like the harangues of the professional mendicant of the older lands. One day this week I had five separate appeals made to me, two of them by women carrying babies, who looked poor enough, the Lord only knows, but whose glibness of tongue had not been acquired during any recent moment of misery. I maintain that all these people have a right to food and shelter unless they have adopted begging as a profession, and even then, if the country admits them at its ports—though they have laws against so doing—they must be cared for. Have we not charities enough to look after poor jaded women with babies in their arms? Are the old and infirm refused shelter, or have our institutions become so beset with boards and directors and rules that people must be besieged by beggars on the principal streets? Organized charity in this city has been pointed to with pride as sufficient, but the present army of mendicants suggests that either the police are not looking sharply after professionals or else the organizations are not attending to their duty.

Take, for instance, a lusty Italian who grinds an organ, accompanied by a little old woman as wrinkled as a caterpillar; she is everywhere on the business streets with her tin cup, which she asks to have filled with either pennies or beer, it doesn't matter which. Now why should the city permit this to go on? The man at the organ is able-bodied enough to work for her support if she is dependent upon him, and there is a home for the aged if she is without relatives. Is the attractiveness of the city or the happiness or prosperity of its people added to by the performances of this ill-assorted pair? Why should that repulsive old face and the everlasting tin cup be jostling everybody's elbow? It is perhaps right enough that organ-grinders be permitted to amuse children where the streets are not crowded with traffic and where people have no other affairs to attend to, yet in many of the old countries and in some of the newer ones the organ-grinding business is regulated, hours, days and districts being set apart, and these regulations are most religiously observed. As the traffic on the principal streets of Toronto becomes more and more congested it must become apparent to everyone that similar regulations must be enforced here, and the enforcement of them can be no hard ship on anybody, except perhaps upon those who are anxious to live without work or who are in reality begging under the thin guise of providing music for the multitude.

I have been quite surprised at not being threatened by bicyclists for having suggested a tax of say five dollars a year on each wheel, together with the numbering and registering of the machines. The fact that there has been no protest I take to mean that bicyclists themselves see the necessity of some such regulation. Probably there is no other class in the city more intelligent and progressive than those who dodge about on wheels. Every day King, Queen and Yonge streets become more difficult and dangerous, not only to pedestrians but to the cyclists themselves. That other trunk streets must be paved with an idea of accommodating bicyclists is also obvious. That the residents on many of the streets suitable for the purpose would refuse to be heavily taxed on the local improvement plan of putting down asphalt, needs no argument. That there must be a fund provided somehow to aid in the laying down of proper pavements with a view to facilitating the bicyclist on his journeyings, is also plain enough. It is said that a tax of five dollars a year would raise somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty thousand dollars a year. With this sum and local taxation, and the aid provided by the city for crossings, a new avenue for bicyclists could be added every year. It will not be long until nearly every citizen able to afford it will be using a wheel, and the more streets we have upon which wheeling is reasonably safe and comfortable, the more bicycles will come into use, and the necessity for still adding to such streets will become still more imperative. Toronto must keep pace with this new system of locomotion, and I am glad to see that there is no class cry being raised against the simple suggestion which I made a couple of weeks ago and by which the problem will work out itself.

That there should be a system of numbering of bells by day and lights by night, it seems to me cannot be controverted. No matter how seldom it may happen at present, when the number of wheels becomes still greater it



A CHINESE COURT ROOM.

along the pavement would be a part owner of the public orchard, interested in its preservation. On reading this article the public were not agreed as to whether the writer were a humorist or a heaven-born municipal reformer. It is interesting to recall this suggestion in view of what Mayor Pingree of Detroit has done. He has done many things, for his vigorous application of new ideas has startled the civic departments into an activity they never knew before. He introduced the astonishing principle that municipal clerks must earn their salaries as other clerks do, but his greatest idea was his Potato Scheme. In the spring he set laborers at work on all the vacant city property planting potatoes, he supplying the seed. Many very laughable jokes were cracked at the expense of Detroit and its potato crop, but Mayor Pingree kept right along. At the proper time he had the potatoes killed by men out of work, and now he has had the crop taken up, with the result that Detroit has fifteen thousand bushels of potatoes for distribution among the poor during the coming winter. And this amount of food has been made ready for time of need at little apparent cost. It was better for the laborers to receive money for planting and hilling potatoes than to receive it in charity; the city, too, has a food supply for the poor that is equal to a good round sum. Had Mayor Pingree pursued the usual course in carrying out his idea he would not have grown a single potato. In Toronto when a mayor gets an idea the joyful and unique occasion is celebrated like unto when an heir to the throne is born. There is a banquet spread in its honor at one of the restaurants, and newspaper men are there to describe it. Had a Toronto mayor hit upon this potato scheme, the press would have waxed very funny over it; the Executive Committee would have objected to it; the Parks and Gardens Committee would have thrown it

partially fitting out China and Japan for the past ten years (getting well paid, of course) with the finest warships that can be built, the counterparts of those constructed for the British navy. Torpedoes supposed to be gifted with almost incredible powers of destruction have also been furnished these rival powers. Experts could only guess at what the immense ships, with their tremendous guns, supported by terrible torpedo boats, would do when they grappled with each other. European officers have been in the employ of both of these Oriental powers for a long time, training marines in handling the ships and torpedoes. The direct cause of quarrel can scarcely be imputed to European mischief-making, but a good criminal lawyer could so state the facts as to make it appear to twelve honest jurymen that the diplomats and war experts of London, Paris and Berlin had for five years been deliberately preparing for and promoting a China-Japan war so that modern ships and torpedo boats might be tested in a small way before a bigger contest were rashly entered into.

The incidents of the Yalu naval engagement are apt to talk louder for peace than all the organizations of "brotherly love" people in the world. With so much destruction wrought in so short a time, the sea-captains of Europe can foresee nothing but complete annihilation for both sides should British and French fleets of equal strength come into action. There is no fun in such warfare. There was a chance to win glory on land or sea even as late as the Crimean war, but there is nothing but death in the business now. When ships were made of oak and the vessels of the enemy after a few comparatively harmless exchanges of bullets were taken by the board with pikes and cutlasses, war was an exciting game; but now, when opposing vessels sink each other

they compete with stores that pay a large rental and heavy taxes, he pronounced me entirely out of sympathy with the workingman. It is by means of raising these cries and persisting in them that organizations of all kinds, both of labor and capital, succeed in maintaining nuisances and usurping privileges which the common sense of all those not interested in the profits of such concerns repudiates from beginning to end. Now what has the "workingman" cry to do with peddling on the business streets, except with reference to the peddler himself as a workingman? Even so—and no doubt he is a very estimable person—why should half a dozen of him impede the traffic of principal streets? As to being of service to the workingman, he does not live there nor eat there, nor as a rule does he buy his supplies from peddlers either there or on residential streets. The majority of peddlers on business streets are patronized by strangers and children, who do not hesitate to throw their orange or banana peelings on the sidewalk and endanger the safety of pedestrians, for many a broken limb has come from slipping on an orange or banana peeling. The palpable injustice of permitting peddlers to compete with stores, the maintenance of which is exceedingly expensive, is preposterous. Many of the smaller lines of peddling, such as shoe strings and pencils, are but little better than begging, and if the "poor man" cry is to be raised why should we prohibit begging? Surely the poorer a man gets, according to the theory that the world owes him a living, no matter where he makes it or how big a nuisance he becomes in getting it, begging would be established as the most legitimate of all businesses. I am sure the Peddlers' Association maintains nothing of the kind; their self-respect forbids it.

By the way, speaking of begging, it is enor-

will be demonstrated that reckless people will get in front of these machines and be injured, and that reckless people on bicycles will not take sufficient pains to warn and avoid the pedestrian. The system of registration and numbers would provide whoever thinks he has cause of action with a means of identifying the owner of the wheel, and this is nothing more than right, for, given a false name or spurious address, the whole city would have to be raked for the offender or the injured person must seize upon him or her and hold on until a policeman is summoned. In this matter I am simply giving the reasons urged by the authorities of Vienna, where such regulations are imposed, and they do not seem very arbitrary.

I am told that in Chicago all the new office buildings now contain a bicycle stable where the wheelmen leave their machines while attending to business elsewhere. Would it not be a good idea if some such convenience were supplied in Toronto, where hallways are already becoming crowded with bicycles? It has also been suggested that bicycle schools be started with a good comfortable surface to fall down on, and instructors and attendants who would simplify the none too dignified task of learning to balance and propel the machines.

Social and Personal.

The Wednesday receptions at Government House will commence on Wednesday, October 10, when the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will receive from four to six o'clock.

The tennis tournament at the Athletic Club was continued this week and resulted in a victory for Miss Gertrude Elmslie in the ladies' singles and for the Misses Maule and Scott in the ladies' doubles. The prizes were a pair of silver-backed toilet brushes for Miss Elmslie, and a set of chased silver scissors in velvet cases for each of the other winners. These matches were played off on ladies' day, when a large number of ladies and gentlemen were present both on the lawn and the balcony. Tea was served at five o'clock and the fair conquerors were presented with their prizes by Prof. Goldwin Smith. The gentlemen's handicap was won by Bain from Lyon, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4. The championship racket, beautifully chased and engraved with the club crest and initials, is a subscription prize from the members and was not won at Wednesday's match, as Messrs. Lyon and Ferguson did not finish their play. A number of surmises as to whose photo would find a place in this chaste casket was limited, when it was told that only one of the contestants was a bachelor. Though a trifle chilly for spectators, and with more than a sou'wester of east wind, the weather was charmingly bright. Among the guests were: Hon. J. B. Robinson, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Crooks, Miss Crooks, Mrs. Hoskins of Deer Park, Miss Hoskins, Miss and Miss Violet Gooderham, the Misses Vickers, Mrs. Law, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. A. W. Croil and Miss Patullo, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Massey, Mrs. Charles Nelson, the Misses Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, the Misses King, Miss McCutcheon, Mrs. Wm. Mackenzie, Miss Amy Beatty, Mrs. Hetherington, the Misses Dick, Mrs. John Taylor and Miss Taylor, and hosts of others.

Last Friday evening the dance in the Gymnasium was attended by a very smart party of guests. Neither the floor nor the music was as good as on a former occasion, the former being very sticky and the latter rather faulty in tune, especially in the polkas. A request for a smarter measure was responded to with so much vigor that the majority of the dancers gave up the chase and retired breathless to the various delightful little ante-rooms with which the Athletic Club abounds. As at the Granite, a diversity of costume rather marred the effect of the *mise en scene*, but what stalwart spirits clothed their visible presence in flannel were surprised to find three-fourths of the masculine element in regulation evening dress, while a few struck a medium costume and were, at all events, neither scolded nor uncomfortable. It is a little unreasonable to expect flannels, after the *demi saison* has begun and people are really dining out, though in a half-hearted and informal fashion. Among the guests were: Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. Watson, Mr. and the Misses Elmslie, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. Olliphant, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Miss Gibson, Mrs. Hetherington, Miss Smith, the Misses Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Miss Clara Tomlinson, Mrs. and Miss Hees, and Messrs. Beardmore, S. Small, H. Small, Cavithra, Burritt, Hoskins, Minty, Dr. Peters, Dr. Thistle, Polson, Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. George Baird, Mr. George Broughall, Miss O'Hara of Columbus, Ohio, the Misses Lee, Mr. Christie, Mr. Cecil Lee, Misses Edna and Mabel Lee, Miss Edna Christie, Mr. George Dunstan, Miss Palmer, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Miss Violet Gooderham, the Misses Hughes, Mr. Joe Hughes, Miss Kleiser and Miss Lilli Kleiser.

Mrs. R. C. McCorquedale and Miss Evelyn S. McCorquedale of Mamistigue, Mich., are visiting Mrs. G. H. McPherson, 362 Adelaide street west.

A marriage which has been for some time a subject of interesting anticipation took place on Wednesday at St. George's church, when Mr. Andrew W. Ridout and Miss Isla Swabey were married. Miss Swabey's wedding gown was of white satin duchesse, with drapery of chiffon and pearl trimmings. She wore also the traditional veil and orange blossoms. Miss Lily Swabey was bridesmaid, in a charming gown of white crepon. Mr. W. E. Burritt was best man and Messrs. J. F. Edgar and Scott Griffin were ushers. Rev. Canon Cayley performed the ceremony.

One of the nicest affairs of the season took place at the residence of Mr. J. S. Sowden, Jarvis street, in the form of a bachelors' dinner. Among those present were: Messrs. Cleve Hall, Herb Davis, Bert Burns, Charlie Hall, Arnold Ivey, Tennie O'Brien, Will O'Brien, Frank King and Herb Sowden. Mr. Tennie O'Brien entertained the guests during

the evening with some very choice songs, as also did Messrs. Arnold Ivey, Will O'Brien and Bert Burns, with selections on the piano. Games were indulged in, after which they sat down to a gorgeous spread of all the delicacies of the season. After one of the most pleasant evenings spent this year, the dinner broke up with God Save the Queen.

The ladies of the board of the Homoeopathic Hospital are arranging a reception and tea in honor of Mrs. Mountford for some afternoon next week. So many Toronto people are anxious for a personal acquaintance with this clever lady that the idea of the reception has been a happy inspiration and will be much appreciated. Time and place of reception will be announced in the daily papers next week.

Mr. Churchill Cockburn has been called to the bar, having successfully passed his final examinations.

Mr. Vernon C. Frye of Detroit, Michigan, is visiting his fiancée, Miss Birdie Colby, 105 Wilton avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Harwood, whose marriage took place on Wednesday week at the residence of Mr. E. N. Moyer, father of the bride, left on the Spartan the same afternoon for Montreal, and are expected home next week. They will reside at 16 Churchill avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick and family have returned from their summer residence at Center Island.

Mr. George Seymour Lyon won the Athletic Club Tennis Championship medal on Thursday.

Mrs. W. E. Gardner and Miss Mabel Gardner have returned from a three months' trip to England.

Miss Debbes of Baltimore is visiting Miss Mabel Gardner of 78 Sullivan street.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Clara Brown and Mr. Fred Sparling.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will attend Mrs. Mountford's lecture on Monday evening.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor went to Napanee on Thursday to open the fall fair in that town.

Society treated itself to a veritable dish of fun at the Grand this week, when the marvelous Herrmann was the attraction. This clever magician seems to lose none of his power to deceive and bewilder as the years go by, but is as agile and funny and mysterious as he was a quarter of a century ago. A good deal of amusement was created when the gallant colonel and major of the Grenadiers constituted themselves a committee with Mr. Broughall and a much scared outsider to seal up the bonds on the wrists of Madame Herrmann in a table-turning and cabinet mystery. By the way, Herrmann gave much amusement at the National Club on Tuesday evening by performing and explaining several mystifying tricks. The *debonair* and light fingered gentleman is right royal company. Among the audience on Wednesday were a large number of well known society people, who laughed *con amore* at his clever tricks.

All Saints' church was the scene of a pretty wedding last Saturday morning, when Rev. Arthur Baldwin united in marriage Mr. Charles E. Brown, son of the late Major Brown, and Miss Grace E. Glover, daughter of Mr. James Glover. The bridesmaids were the Misses Minnie Glover and Emily Brown, while the groomsmen were Mr. George D. Foye and Mr. J. Frederick Sparling. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left for New York and the sea shore, amid a shower of rice and good wishes.

The return cricket match between the ladies and gentlemen of Orillia was played on the Oval on Saturday afternoon. The game was even more evenly contested than the last match, of which a detailed description has been given. There were some more funny incidents which created lots of amusement. The teams were somewhat different, the new players being Miss McCosh and Miss Mary Corbett in place of Mrs. and Miss Hamilton. Dr. Slaven again performed the offices of umpire with unerring judgment, earning the gratitude of the feminine contingent. Miss Ella Scott of the T. L. C. C. (who bowled well on Monday) had "her day" at the bat. She went in first, played capital cricket, and was rewarded by making a score of twenty-three, the highest of the match. No other ladies arrived at double figures. Mr. Greentree had the supreme happiness of being doubly caught, in the first innings by Miss Sutherland and by Miss Scott in his second venture. These were the only two catches secured by the ladies in the two matches. Stumps were drawn after the men had made twenty-eight runs for four wickets in the second innings.

Captain Kirkpatrick spent a couple of days in Kingston this week.

A few small teas have been given during the week. A couple of larger affairs are on the tapis for the near future.

Mrs. Theodore King, who has been the guest of Mrs. Loring, at Pride's Crossing, near Boston, has returned to the Arlington Hotel.

Miss Hill left on Thursday for a visit in St. Catharines.

The golf links are looking well these fine days. Mondays and Wednesdays see a large number of members engaged in the popular game. The ladies who play regularly find the sport delightful.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Douglas Armour have returned from the Island. Mrs. Villiers Sankey leaves shortly for a visit to the Old Country.

Miss Gibson's bright face will be missed from many reunions which have been the happier for her presence during the past season, as she returns to Edinburgh by the Parisian next week.

A very bright and interesting evening was given on Tuesday by the Misses King of 423 Jarvis street, and the friends who took part in the

unique affair reaped a great deal of amusement therefrom. As the ladies and gentlemen entered the drawing room they were given catalogues and pencils and were requested to number the various marines, landscapes, portraits and other pictures mentioned therein from the numbered exhibits which adorned tables set about the spacious room. This sounds a simple task, but proved a puzzle. For instance, the catalogue gave among the landscapes Going to the Sun, and some bright brain at last discovered the portrait of the Prince of Wales to be the owner of this title; the Queen's picture was a postage stamp. An Acrobat was a glass tumbler, the Horse Fair was a dish of oats, A Famous Officer was a walnut kernel, and so on. Some of the puns provoked shouts of laughter and the Private View party was a huge success. Three ladies were clever enough to number all pictures correctly and the result of drawing for the prize awarded it to Miss Jennie Belle Smith, whose recent continental experiences perhaps stood her in good stead in an art gallery. The gentleman's prize was a silver umbrella tag and strap and was won by Mr. Logan. After the pictures had been duly admired the young people had supper and a carpet dance, and this pretty function, which, I am told, is the first of a series, was brought to a close.

Miss Birdie Armstrong of Fenning street, who has been spending a month in Western Ontario, has returned home.

Mrs. Lount is improved very much in health and hopes soon to be quite recovered. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dickinson of Barrie, has been down to see her. Mrs. Hornbrook was happily able to be with Mrs. Lount during her illness at St. John's Hospital.

Mr. George Hornbrook of the Bank of Commerce, Windsor, has been spending his holidays with his sister, Mrs. Evelyn Denison of 27 Bellevue avenue.

Everyone was glad to see Miss Pope back in Toronto, looking as bright and amiable as ever. Miss Pope is visiting the Misses Jones of Benvenuto.

Mrs. Tait of Montreal, who has been spending the summer in Muskoka with her mother, Mrs. Cockburn, and who spent the past week with her in Toronto, returns home to-morrow. There is a delightful small daughter who seems to inherit some of the graces of her mother and grandmother, and has endeared herself to all their friends by her bright, naive sayings and pretty ways.

Mrs. Jackson L. Little (nee, Ida Smith) will be at home on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week at 22 Farley avenue, and afterwards 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month.

Miss Addie Even of New Westminster, B.C., has returned to town and resumed her studies in the Presbyterian Ladies' College.

Dr. and Mrs. Brown of Cleveland, Miss Sickney of Buffalo, and also Mr. and Mrs. Marr of Markham, have been visiting Sheriff Widdifield of St. George street.

Miss Minnie Houch of Whitby is the guest of Mrs. Van Vlack of 82 Pembroke street.

Mrs. and Miss King-Dodds, who have summered at Lake Simcoe, have returned to the city.

Miss Ada Lowndes of Madison avenue left this week to visit friends in Cincinnati.

Mr. Robert F. Gagen, A.R.C.A., and family have returned from their cottage Orizaba on Center Island, where they have spent a pleasant summer.

Mrs. Sydney Greene of 206 St. George street will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week instead of as before arranged.

The Victoria Club give an At Home on Thursday evening next. The club house has recently undergone alterations and has been handsomely refurnished throughout, and this house-warming is the natural outcome of the members' pride and pleasure in the result. The Italian orchestra will play for the dancers and the entire club will be thrown open to the guests. Members may obtain cards from the honorary secretary, Mr. S. Alfred Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Robinson have returned home after a delightful stay of two months at Jackson's Point, Lake Simcoe.

On Wednesday, Sept. 12, a very pleasant event took place at Niagara Falls, N.Y., it being the marriage of Dr. Frank Hall of that city to Miss Elizabeth M. Maylee, third daughter of Mr. Louis Maylee. The affair was a brilliant society function. Rev. Mr. Resenmuller, who officiated, read the beautiful Episcopal service. The bride was attended by Miss Ella Maylee and by Miss Minnie D. Waterworth of Orillia, while the groomsmen were Mr. A. E. Fraleigh of London, and the bride's usher Mr. Carlell Mall, L.L.B., barrister, of this city. The bride looked charming in a superb white satin gown and carried bride roses; the bridesmaids wore pink and maize-colored silk gowns respectively. There were guests from London, Toronto, Orillia and New York, whose names were too numerous to mention. The beautiful gifts and the splendid send-off at the station testified to the popularity of the couple. Dr. and Mrs. Hall return in ten days to their home at the Falls, where the doctor has a large practice.

The Hunt Club Races next Saturday are now the chief topic in society, and the ladies are pondering over the gowns clad in which they will cause the members' stand to emulate the autumn foliage in beauty of coloring. Among the gentlemen who will take part in the hunters' steepchases are: Messrs. George W. Beardmore, D. L. McCarthy, R. O. McCulloch, Lieut. Forester, Lieut. Laurie, F. N. Beardmore, Geo. A. Carruthers, F. M. Gray, A. E. Osier, J. P. Patterson, J. Lorne Campbell, D. K. Smith, and others. The breaking up of the camp at Levis on October 2 will bring Col. Otter and Mr. Laurie back in time for the races. A coaching drive down to the Wood-

bine will be led by Mr. George Beardmore's English tally-ho and four-in-hand, which will carry the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and the president, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy.

On Wednesday, September 12, a very pretty and fashionable wedding took place at the residence of Mr. Edwin Brown, Ash Lawn, Merriton, when Lillian May, his eldest daughter, was married to Mr. George A. Turner of Thorold, Rev. Mr. Bryant and Rev. Mr. Mitchell officiating. The ceremony took place in the drawing room, under an arch of smilax and roses, from which was suspended a floral bell. The bride's costume was rich cream cashmere, with lace and pearl trimmings, and she carried an exquisite bouquet of cream roses. The bridesmaids were Miss B. Brown, sister of the bride, who wore cream cashmere and lace, with similar trimmings, and Miss M. Turner, sister of the groom, who wore pink cashmere, cream lace and cream roses. Mr. James Parkinson of Toronto and Mr. T. H. Turner were the groomsmen. About one hundred relatives and intimate friends were present. The breakfast was under a *marquee* on the lawn. The bride's going-away costume was a navy blue English serge. The happy couple left amid showers of rice and good wishes for Toronto and other points for their honeymoon.

Miss Helena Murphy of Bernard avenue is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Bardick of Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, for a few weeks.

Mrs. M. H. Ludwig will receive at 83 Spadina road the first Thursday and Friday in October.

The marriage of Miss Emily A. Nicol, second daughter of Dr. Henry Nicol, Cookstown, to Mr. Alfred Wright of Toronto took place at St. John's church, Cookstown, on Tuesday, September 25, at 1.30 o'clock. Rev. George Scott, incumbent, assisted by Rev. McLean Ballard, M.A., of St. Anne's, Toronto, officiated. The pretty little rural church was tastefully decorated for the occasion and was crowded to the door. The bride looked charming in a handsome gown of brocade satin, *en train*, trimmed with duchesse lace. The bride's sweet face was charmingly framed by the beautiful veil and orange flowers, the completion of the toilet being a magnificent bouquet of roses. The bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Nicol, Miss Helen Merritt of St. Catharines and Miss Bertha Holmes of Barrie. Little Miss Marjorie Thompson, cousin of the bride, acted as maid of honor. The bridesmaids were all attired in cream silk warp *crepon*, trimmed with lace and ribbon. Their white hats trimmed with ribbon and plumes looked very unique. Each bridesmaid carried a beautiful bouquet of pink roses, the gift of the groom. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold watch and chain. The groomsmen were: Mr. Ball of Toronto, Mr. Albert Denison of Toronto, Mr. Harry Nicol of Cookstown; page, Master Seymour Wright of Toronto. Harry Webb provided the breakfast. The invited guests were: Mr. Wm. B. Nicol, Mr. Mulock, M. P. P., Judge Falconbridge, Mr. Martin, M. P. P., Mr. and Mrs. White Anglin, the Misses Dupont, the Misses Temple, Mr. Sanson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Newton May, Major and Mrs. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh of Toronto, Mrs. Holmes of Barrie, Mrs. and Miss Maude Ramsay of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Judge Boys, Mr. R. Boys, Miss Belner of Barrie, Dr. and Mrs. Watt of Niagara, Mrs. and Miss Thompson of Toronto, Mrs. Isaac Ferguson, Miss Griffith, Miss Scott of Cookstown, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson of Barrie, Mr. Elliot of Fort Erie, the Misses King, the Misses Mack, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Merritt, Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt of St. Catharines. After the *dejeuner* and reception Mr. and Mrs. Wright, amid showers of rice and good wishes, departed for an extended trip to British Columbia and other points.

Miss Gunther returned home last week from the Continent, and was warmly greeted by hosts of friends at Mrs. Wishart's tea on Thursday week.

Mrs. William Mackenzie, who has been visiting Mrs. G. W. Allan at Strathallen, returned home on Tuesday.

Rev. H. J. Cody, M.A., of Wyldiffe College and assistant minister of St. Paul's church, Bloor street east, with Mrs. Cody, returned to town this week from their wedding tour. Mr. Cody will preach in St. Paul's to-morrow.

Mrs. H. E. Smallpiece and Miss Ada Smallpiece of Avenue road are at present on a visit to White Oak Lodge, Mr. James Wickson's residence, near Bronte.



Cor. King and Victoria Streets

Chafing Dishes

RICE LEWIS & SON
(LIMITED)

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Wedding Cakes

Of the best and finest quality, SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF

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DINNERS BANQUETS

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NEW GLOVE

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Special lines and prices in our Glove department during Exhibition.

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White China

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All goods bearing the celebrated trade mark, "Elite Limoges," must come through us, as we control for Canada the entire output of this factory; therefore we have a much larger stock and are able to sell at lower prices than others.

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ELLIS-JEWELERS
The Leading Diamond House of Canada.
Established 1836.

For The Opera

Opera glasses in the most exquisite styles of Tortoise shell, Oriental pearl, Smoked pearl, Old-Gold pearl, Pannelled pearl and Aluminum frames, personally selected and imported from *Le-maire*, for our fine trade—and plush silk-lined opera glass bags. Our display embraces the very newest Parisian fancies for the opera, and our prices are quite moderate for these very choice things.

The J. L. ELLIS Co. Ltd.

Incorporated. Capital \$100,000.

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TORONTO—3 KING ST. EAST

In the Open Air.

NEXT Wednesday and Thursday at Rosedale the biggest cricket event of the season will occur, when Lord Hawke and his team of English amateurs will play an eleven representing the Canadian Cricket Association. The touring Englishmen have just defeated Philadelphia's finest by considerably over one hundred runs, and will come here in great playing form. People may now turn out to one of these big games without fear of being humiliated as we always were until, say, last year. The game has picked up wonderfully here in two years, and Lord Hawke will probably notice a great improvement since his last visit to Toronto in 1891. The match Canada vs. United States at Philadelphia was generally regarded as "anybody's game" when the rain prevented its completion. McGivern and Laing bowled as well as any of the American trundlers; some say they bowled much better. The Canadian team against Lord Hawke next week will, it is announced, be the same as that which played in Philadelphia with the substitution of Kenneth Cameron for Kenney of Chatham. I know nothing about this change save what the daily papers have stated, and perhaps Mr. Kenney has declined to play. But if he has not declined I think it is a mistake to lay him off. Although no man is entitled to play in any game until specially chosen for that game, still it is not nice to read that the same team will play barring Blank who has been replaced by Blankety. It is a reproach to the man left off. Kenney did not do anything much against Philadelphia here nor against the United States at Philadelphia, but he can play cricket all the same. That he is a first-class all-rounder his record of this year and last year shows. If, however, this is ruled out and he is judged by his present form, what can justify the selection of Mr. Kenneth Cameron? This gentleman, while one of the most energetic promoters of cricket in Toronto, has actually not played the game at all this year, nor, I am told, has he been a member of any cricket club. When the Torontos were playing the Maritime Province on the Lawn recently they were a man short and Mr. Cameron on request peeled off and went to bat. He batted capably, it must be owned, and made twenty-odd runs. This single performance (and twenty-five runs are not many) of an unpracticed man has won him a place on the Canadian eleven against Lord Hawke. I know several players (who shall be nameless) who have made bigger scores than that this year, yet are not put upon the eleven. What are cricketers to infer from such a proceeding as this, but that selection depends upon personal influence? An English paper recently stated that until this year it was considered bad form for a batsman to pull a ball, but that it was now not only permissible, but under certain circumstances the very correct thing. As for Toronto, the "pull" is everything.

In view of criticisms passed by me upon the attitude of the Chatham club, and for which I am in no degree repentant, it is but fair to report that which is good of the players from that town when it reaches me. The other Canadian players were agreeably surprised at the way Horstead kept wicket. He did invaluable work, and up-hill work at that, for he had to combat the distrust of his fellow-players, who were prone to regard the wickets as a weak spot in Saunders' absence. I believe every Canadian who saw the game unites in praising the game played by Horstead.

UMPIRE.

One day of sickness will do more to convince a young man that his mother is his best friend than seventeen volumes of proverbs.

As to Ladies' Rings...

—We are showing to-day the choicest line ever shown in Canada. We make this statement without any qualification whatever.

As to Our Styles.—They comprise the SOLITAIRE, TWIN, 3 STONE, 5-STONE or "HOOP," CLUSTER and MARQUIS.

As to the Stones.—Almost every conceivable combination of the DIAMOND, PEARL, RUBY, EMERALD, SAPPHIRE, OPAL, &c.

As to the Prices.—NOTHING CLOSER, inasmuch as we buy our stones direct from the cutters in Amsterdam, thus saving the customary middleman's profit.

Ryrie Bros.

JEWELERS

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Streets
If you have an opportunity we would like you to see our recent European selections which have been so favorably commented upon.



Japanese Silks

At Lowest Prices
Ever Quoted for Fine Goods

A SPECIAL opening of Japanese Silks, purchased before the war. Taking quality as the standard, we're selling them at the lowest prices ever quoted for fine goods.

For 35c All Shades Japanese Silks, washable, worth 50c.
For 45c Extra Fine Lyons Dye Japanese, lovely shades, worth 75c.
For 65c Fine Finish and Soft as Down, 27-in., All Shades, Lyons Dye, worth \$1.
For 45c 27-in. Cream and White Japanese Habutai, usually sold at 55c.
For 55c 27 in. Cream and White Japanese Habutai, usually sold at 75c.
For 65c 27 in. Cream and White Japanese Habutai, extra weight, usually sold at \$1.
For 85c 31-in. Cream Japanese Habutai, extra weight, usually sold at \$1.25

R. SIMPSON

S. W. Cor. Queen and Yonge Streets, Toronto
Entrance—Yonge St. Entrance—Queen St.
Store Nos. 170, 172, 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street
1 and 3 Queen Street West

The Pullman of Long Ago.

Once upon a time, away back in the sixties, there was only one Pullman car. That was known as car A. It cost \$4,000, some of them cost \$40,000 now. Car A ran out of Chicago on the Alton road. George M. Pullman had evolved it. When his idea had been put into wood he mounted it on sixteen wheels and attached it to a train. Then he, personally, sold the right to sleep in it for fifty cents a chance—or fifty cents a risk, if you prefer it, for it was about one man out of five who could possibly sleep in car A of the sixties.

Fifty cents was the price, and two in a berth was the rule, as unswervable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. If some sybarite wished to sleep by himself and was extravagant enough to pay for the luxury, he paid one dollar. Then he temporarily owned the berth.

One night, going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid George M. Pullman fifty cents and half a berth was assigned him. Then he took off his coat and vest and hung them up, and they fitted the peg as well as they fitted him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth, and, having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot.

Along came another passenger and paid his fifty cents. In two minutes he was back at George Pullman.

"There's a man in that berth of mine," said he hotly, "and he's about ten feet high. How am I going to sleep there, I'd like to know. Go and look at him."

In went Pullman—mad, too. The tall, lank man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed, and his feet were stored comfortably—for him. Pullman shook him until he awoke, and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay one dollar.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you fifty cents for half this berth, and, as you see, I'm occupying it. There's the other half, pointing to a strip about six inches wide. "Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with a wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Signs of Coming Trouble.

Johnny—I tell you, papa's going to catch it after the company's gone.

Tommy—How do you know?

Johnny—He's told me once or twice she was mistaken about something, and she's said, "Why, darling!"

A Plausible Excuse.

"Didn't you say six months ago that if Miss Tipkins wouldn't marry you, you would throw yourself into the deepest part of the sea? Now, Miss Tipkins married someone else three months ago, and yet you haven't—"

"Oh, it's easy to talk, but let me tell you it is



When Down Town

next time we would be glad to have you call at our warehouses and let us show you some of the special values we are now offering in artistic, high class

Gas Fixtures

We would like to have you come, even if you have no intention of buying at present. We know that we can offer you special advantages in both variety and price on these goods, and are convinced that after seeing them you will not pass us by when you DO want any. Photos and prices sent free on request to those living out of town.

McDonald & Willson

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF GAS Stoves and Fixtures
187 Yonge St., Toronto

not such an easy matter to find the deepest part of the sea."

Buy Your Mantles

...AT...
H. A. STONE & CO.'S
212 Yonge St.



Large variety choice goods and latest styles at most reasonable prices.

PATTERN DRESS NOVELTIES
A specialty with us. The newest styles, imported direct, in exclusive designs.

Fish, Oysters Vegetables

In addition to our large display of Fruit we are now showing a grand variety of Fresh Fish, including Salmon, Halibut, Cod, Haddock, Trout, Whitefish, etc. Bulk and Can Oysters, Spring Chickens, Spring Ducks, Wild Ducks and the choicest selection of Fruit and Vegetables in the city.

Simpson's 756 & 758 YONGE ST. 'Phones 3445 & 4230

'Midst The Roses WEDDING ROSES

Dunlop's Roses can be safely shipped by mail or express to any part of Ontario or Quebec. Orders to be sent by express or mail are filled with fresh flowers, cut direct from the trees. Wedding orders receive special attention. Prices given on application. Nearly 20,000 trees in bloom now.

Conservatories Bloor St. West
DUNLOP, 445 Yonge
Tel. 4192

Millinery

TORONTO
112 Yonge Street

The change of season now approaching will remind ladies that it is time for the change of dress necessitated by colder weather.

In view of this I desire to solicit their attention to my stock of Novelties in French, American and English Millinery, which I now offer for inspection, with confidence that they will be found all that can be desired in style combined with moderate prices.

Yours faithfully,
E. HOLLAND.

Dressmaking

No. 10 WASHINGTON AVENUE
Six Doors East of Spadina Avenue.

Miss M. E. LAKEY

Formerly of 80 Gerrard Street East, having just returned from the Fall opening in New York, is prepared to suit her customers in the current and incoming French, English and American styles.

Evening Gowns and Trousseau a specialty.

Mourning orders promptly attended to.

NEW FALL MILLINERY

MISS PAYNTER

Will be prepared to show a full stock of Parisian Novelties, as she has just returned from Europe.
3 King Street East First floor.

MISS MILLS'

DRESSMAKING PARLORS will be open to her customers with a full line of the Parisian Styles, as she has just returned from Europe.

MISS PLUMMER, Modiste

Room 26, Goldfellow's Building
Cor. Yonge and College Streets
Evening Dresses and Trousseau a specialty.

YONGE & COLLEGE—Entrance 4 and 6 College Street.

MRS. J. PHILP

Ladies and Children's Outfits
Manufacturers of Fine Underwear for Ladies and Children.
Children's Dresses—all ages. A full assortment of Baby Linen. Children's Underwear and Ladies' Underwear always in stock.

AUTUMN and WINTER...

DRESS FABRICS

The season's importations are now complete in every article of Fashionable Dress Textures, Tweeds, Cheviots, Homespun, Serges, Zebelines, Cashmeres and Armures.
Surahs, Bengalines, Duchesse Satins, Brocades, Grenadines, Luxurs, Beau de Soie, Velvets and Velvetines.

PROMPT ATTENTION TO MAIL ORDERS

John Catto & Son

Temporary Premises—73 King St. East, Five Doors East of Old Stand, During Re-Building

ESTABLISHED 1850

HIGH CLASS DRESS GOODS

Including the season's latest novelties from England, Scotland and the Continent.

DOUBLE-WIDTH MATERIALS at 25c., 30c., 35c., 45c., 50c., 60c., 70c., 75c., 85c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.35 and \$1.50 per yard.
COSTUME LENGTHS OR PATTERN DRESSES, in very choice styles, \$3.50, \$5, \$6, \$6.50, \$7, \$7.50, \$8, \$8.50, \$9, \$10, \$10.75, \$11, \$12, and \$15 each.

Prompt attention to letter orders for Goods or Patterns.

JAMES SCOTT & SON 91-93 King St. East

...THIS season we have decided not to have our usual opening, but instead will have our goods open for inspection on and after the 18th inst.

MISS E. & H. JOHNSTON
122 King Street West

Priestley's Dress Materials

Every lady should be interested in the fact that the Priestley's Dress Materials are to be had from the better class of dealers throughout Canada. For beauty, texture and enduring quality, they are unequalled. Manufactured as they are in pure wool, and in silk and wool interwoven, these goods have a soft richness which is a perfect delight to a lady of taste.

Priestley's goods are mostly in black, and in black and white.
A gown in Priestley's fabrics retains its style and beauty as long as there is anything of it left, hence they are the most economical for all classes.



ON WHICH THE GOODS ARE WRAPPED.

These Goods are for sale by W. A. Murray & Co., Toronto.

Don't go to Church

to see the fashions, nor don't go in faded garments when it is possible to restore the original shade to those you're a little sensitive about. We Renovate and Dye garments to the new fashionable shades that sometimes make the owners feel we've given them a new suit instead of Dyeing their old ones.

R. PARKER & CO., Dyers and Cleaners

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475 and 1267 Queen Street West
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We lead in all kinds of Fashionable Hair Goods.

We have the prettiest and most becoming styled hair manufactured. Largest and most select assortment. In fact we have the most complete line of HAIR GOODS in Canada.

See our Catalogue for price list.

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DORENWEND'S BIG REDUCTION SALE

OF OVER \$15,000.00

Worth of Fashionable Hair Goods

At less than cost.

In order to reduce my large stock I have reduced prices to nearly one-half to make room. Ladies and Gents' Wigs, Toupees. Over 2,000 Switches of all lengths and every shade. Bangs and other Wavy and Curly Front-places in endless variety. Hair Ornaments, Pins, Combs, Perfumery, Hair Brushes, Fans, etc. Everything complete on the continent. Hair Dressing, Cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc.

A. DORENWARD, 103 & 105 Yonge St.

Telephone 1601.

LADIES, USE MAGIC CURLING FLUID.

Thousands know the value of this article for keeping the Bangs in curl in summer. The effect is delightful. Price 25c.; ask your druggist or manufacturer.

COMBINGS MADE UP ARTISTICALLY

MRS. J. MINTZ - Artistic Hair Worker

461 Queen Street West

WE invite an inspection of the latest

FRENCH AND AMERICAN

Pattern Bonnets, Veilings and Millinery

Novelties

Our DRESSMAKING department as usual

this season will guarantee perfect satisfaction

MISS ARMSTRONG

41 King St. West - Toronto

MRS. E. SMITH

Dress and Mantle Maker
Tailor made Gowns a Specialty.
247 Church Street - Toronto

The Lewis Magnetic Corset Is Superior to All Others



It is mechanically constructed upon scientific principles, symmetrical in shape and unique in design.
Each section of the corset is so formed as to maintain the vertical lines of the body, and readily conforms to the figure of the wearer.
It is stayed with strips of highly tempered spring ribbon steel, which is superior to any other boning material owing to its flexibility, smoothness and durability.
Each steel (or stay) is nickel-plated, highly polished and guaranteed not to corrode, metal tipped to prevent the ends from cutting through the fabric.
The steels (or stays) are increased in separate pieces and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.
Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.
See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped on each pair, without which none are genuine.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE
Crompton Corset Co., 78 York St., Toronto, Ont.



CHIGNON

PRINCESSE DE GALLES

LATEST FASHIONABLE COIFFURE

All ready made up, to pin on the back of the head. Easiest to wear of the day. \$7, \$10, \$15.

Armand's Parted Fringe, pretty front coiffure, light in make and appearance, from \$5 to \$10. Other styles of natural bangs, our own make also, from \$5 to \$7.

Natural Wavy Hair Switches for the new style of coiffure, Hair Pins and Pin Curls.

Largest and best assorted stock of FINE HAIR GOODS in the country.

Ladies' Fashionable Hair Dressing

Ladies and Children's Hair carefully attended to. Hair Trimming, Singeing and Shampooing. Ladies desiring to have their hair regularly attended to are kindly requested to make their appointment at earliest convenience. Tel. 2498.

We have the largest stock of elegant perfumes for handkerchiefs, from \$5. to \$2 per bottle, according to size.

Powders, Cream, Rouge, Soap, Salve, Eye Liniment, etc.

Face Massage, Ladies and Gentlemen's Manicure Parlors. We give the best Manicure in the city. Ten tickets for \$5, or 75c. each.

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441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street

TORONTO, Canada.

THE World's Fair Premium Tailor Dress

Cutting School. Dressmaking taught in all its latest branches. Seamstress waits a specialty. Day and evening classes. Miss M. FLEMING, 240 Yonge St., Upstairs.

A Daughter of the Philistines

BY M. E. O. MALEN,

Author of "For Her Sake," "Only a Heathen," "The Stolen Will," "Two Countesses," "Naomi, the Gipsy," "The Shadow Hand," "Greville's Wife," &c.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Stella did not rouse her sisters, but went and lay down in Captain Dacres' room, which was being prepared for Violet's occupation but was not quite ready. There were no sheets on the bed, but she flung herself across it, just as it was, and being quite worn out by this time was soon fast asleep.

She could not help showing a little resentment when she met Kathleen and Nora at breakfast the next morning, they had accepted her disappearance so coolly; but the former anticipated her reproaches by saying:

"What an odd, uncomfortable, provoking sort of girl you are getting, Stella! One never knows where to find you now, or what you will do next."

"That is of less consequence, as you don't trouble to look for me when I am missing," she answered coldly.

"We went all over the garden, and even down the lane, and called you till we were very tired, and we went to bed at last. Jane told us this morning you had slept in Captain Dacres' room, and if you preferred to be alone we have no right to complain."

"Nora, whatever," answered Stella gravely, and said no more.

The day passed in that strange, ominous sort of tranquillity which is far more trying to the nerves than any great excitement. Violet did not show herself all day, but she came down for a little while in the evening, and she looked so ill that they all called out at the sight of her, except Stella, who lowered her eyes and flushed guiltily. Violet's lips were so dry and feverish they would scarcely close, and showed perpetually the glitter of her white teeth; her eyes were unnaturally large and brilliant, her cheeks absolutely colorless, and she seemed hardly to have strength to sit upright, although she, of course, forced herself to do so, it being her rule to mortify her poor weak flesh at every turn.

Stella pitied her that night far more than she had ever pitied herself, and knowing she would not take anything from her hand she called Nora out and made her promise to go presently into the kitchen and fetch some strong beef-tea, as if it were quite her own idea, and make her cousin drink it.

"Do you suppose she is ill?" enquired Nora.

"I don't care to ask her; she is always angry if I do."

"She looks ill," was Stella's guarded reply.

"Jane says she is sure she is cracked, and she goes on just like an aunt of hers who had 'delirious trimmings,' and couldn't keep still a minute."

"Oh, Nora, how can you listen to such nonsense?" exclaimed Stella, who for once could not resist her sister's taunts.

"And what can Jane know?"

"As much as the rest of us, I fancy. She hears her moving about in her room continually."

"I never heard that moving about in your room contained a certain symptom of delirium tremens."

"Restlessness is, but of course that is not what Violet is suffering from; she is just as asthenic as we are, but she has something the matter with her no doubt, and ought to see Dr. Foster."

Stella shook her head. She knew too well the root of Violet's malady to suppose that doctors' stuff would help her. One word of love and pity from her husband and she would have grown fresh and fair, and content again; but for this she would hunger in vain—and being only a woman after all, a thrill of triumph passed through her at the thought of how complete her victory was—hunger till she died.

This set Stella thinking, and longing to be alone she stepped out on to the lawn instead of returning to the sitting-room, and stayed there until Kathleen, mindful of the reproach she had received that morning, came to fetch her in. Violet had retired to her room and the three girls again went upstairs, leaving Mr. Chester below with a French novel and his pipe.

The next day was quite without incident, as days that precede great and terrible events often are. In the evening Kathleen and Nora went for a long walk with their father, and as Jane had an errand in the village Stella was left alone in the house with Violet. It was not like Stella to be nervous and timid, but then she was not like herself just now, and when she thought of Violet's strange manner and the cruel look that came into her eyes when they were turned upon her, she was suddenly seized with a feeling that it was not safe to be alone in the house with her, and catching up her hat she hurried down the path and through the gate as if someone were in pursuit.

In the lane she met Jane and told her to hurry home, as all the doors were open and Violet was alone, and then walked on mechanically, scarcely noticing where she went, until she found herself presently close to a stile that led into some pleasant meadows of Bonnell's. She crossed two of them and sat down on a grassy bank within call of the house, and gave herself up to her thoughts. They were very pleasant, assuredly, and yet she sat on, pulling abstractedly at the daisies and never noticing that they had shut up their pink-tipped petals, and all the birds were going home to bed—except the bats.

One of these swooped down quite close to her, and though she had a horror of bats she did not stir. But it did rouse her presently when she heard the church clock strike eight, and she with difficulty got up, and, being rather cramped from being so long in the same position. The landscape was growing misty and confused now, as if a light veil had been dropped over it, and there was a white mist crawling along the meadows and giving a chill to the evening air. Stella shivered, and she looked about her anxiously. She did not care to be out late alone ever, though she was not afraid, and to-night she cared less than ever and did feel rather afraid. A sudden idea struck her to go and ask Bonnell to escort her home as he had done once before, and well coming this thought as an inspiration she crossed the field as quickly as she could, bounded over the intervening stile, and found herself in the farmyard, to the deep-mouthed indignation of the great watchdog, who came out of his kennel to growl at her.

"Quiet, Dash," she said soothingly. "I am not going to rob your master this time at any rate."

And after sniffing interrogatively at her skirts, Dash decided she was a friend, not a foe, and gave in to her blandishments by moving his shaggy head to be within reach of her caressing hand. She patted him gently two or three times and then opened the little hand-gate and walked quickly up to the house. She did not care for another encounter with old Martha, even though she had had the best of it last time, and went around to the sitting-room window, intending to knock. There was some hitch in the blind, which Stella had noticed on her first visit, so that there was a tiny aperture by which you could see into the room. She had intended to call Bonnell's attention to this, not thinking it safe, as he kept so much money about, but she had never happened to see him, and rather fancied, knowing how odd he was, that he kept out of her way on purpose, fearing she might refer to their little transaction that night and try to thank him over again. However, deeming it as well to reconnoitre before she tapped, in case Martha should be there, and she should find herself in a wasp's nest, Stella stooped and looked in.

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Violet did not appear that evening, and now that she was in the other room they could not hear her at night, so that they did not know so much about her as heretofore. Nora took up her supper tray and left it at her door without knocking, according to orders, and then having done their duty they troubled no more about her. Stella slept badly, she had such a weight on her mind, and when she did fall asleep would soon rouse and go through, in imagination, the scene in Bonnell's parlor, and somehow, knowing how good her temptations to evil deeds, those great handfuls of sovereigns had an evil memory for her. She did not mistrust Captain Dacres—to an honorable gentleman such things could be no temptation, surely—but she could not account for what she had seen that state behind her door, and the vague terrors that seized her even in her sleep and woke her up trembling with a cry on her lips.

When she got down in the morning Jane was at the gate talking to the post-man, and so absorbed she did not hear her young mistress call. But when the man went on, she ran back into the house, so pre-occupied that she had to touch Stella before she saw her and then she fairly shrieked aloud.

"Oh, miss, you did frighten me so! I was thinking of something else and didn't see you. Mr. Smith has brought such dreadful news."

"Of whom or what?" enquired Stella, and all her pulses seemed to stand still to listen.

"Of Mr. Bonnell, miss, please—he has been murdered in the night and all his money stolen—and nobody can think who it was!"

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In the lane she met Jane and told her to hurry home, as all the doors were open and Violet was alone, and then walked on mechanically, scarcely noticing where she went, until she found herself presently close to a stile that led into some pleasant meadows of Bonnell's. She crossed two of them and sat down on a grassy bank within call of the house, and gave herself up to her thoughts. They were very pleasant, assuredly, and yet she sat on, pulling abstractedly at the daisies and never noticing that they had shut up their pink-tipped petals, and all the birds were going home to bed—except the bats.

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New Books and Magazines.

George C. Huttemeyer of Montreal has issued in neat form a carefully compiled business directory of houses in Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec, with classifications in English and French.

A. H. Howard has recently finished the city's address of condolence to the widow of the late Hon. C. F. Fraser. It is a beautiful piece of work, at once artistic and appropriate.

C. W. Irwin has re-issued his handbook of the Canadian Customs Tariff up to date. It is handsomely gotten up and worth the cost, fifty cents.

John Brown and His Men with some Account of the Roads they Traveled to Reach Harper's Ferry, by Richard J. Hinton, is one of the latest books put out by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, London and Toronto. The author was one of John Brown's sympathizers, and was actively engaged in giving moral support to the movement. The book places together the most complete history possible of John Brown and his doings, also the aid which he secured and the opposition he encountered. It places the man before us in his true light, as one who set out to right an evil but soon perceived that the best service he could render his cause was to die for it, and to all appearance fruitlessly. But he did not die fruitlessly. On page 379 of the volume is given in fac-simile a verse written by William Dean Howells, and dated, Columbia, Ohio, 1859, that was prophetic:

O, Patience, felon of the hour!
Over thy ghastly gallows-tree
Shall climb the vine of Liberty
With ripened fruit and fragrant flower.

This volume is invaluable to those who would get at the conditions prevailing previous to the war. It is, by the way, one in the series of American Reformers, edited by Carlos Martyn.

Scribners' for October is a most creditable production, the articles being excellent and the illustrations more than usually good. H. G. Prout writes a fine article upon railroad travel in England and America, a comparison of the two methods of handling passengers. Carl Sumbalitz contributes an extremely entertaining article upon Tavanamari Dances and Planet Worship, which is illustrated by O. Perard from photos taken by the author. Thomas Nelson Page concludes his story of little Darby, while John March, Southerner, by George W. Cable is continued.

REVIEWER.

Bicyclists of Both Sexes

And of all shades of opinion should remember that every additional wheel increases the risk of accidents, both to the rider thereof (not to mention the wheel) and to all with whom he or she may come in contact (so to speak). Lady bicyclists are insured at the same rates as their sweethearts and brothers against accidents of all kinds in the Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Company, cor. Yonge and Colborne streets, Toronto.

Looking Backward at Muggs's Center.

Something had to be done; every resident of Muggs's Center realized that. The summer boarder was slipping away from them. Years ago Muggs's Center had coined money from the searchers for rest and recreation, but, of late years, despite every effort to please and much advertising, the summer boarder had stayed away, and the summer rooms at the Muggs's Center farm-houses stood desolate and empty. Not but what Muggs's Center was a pretty place. In fact it was too good, almost, to be a summer resort.

The air and eggs were fresh; the milk and mountain streams pure; the fish were plentiful and the mosquitoes scarce. But the summer boarder came not near. So, at the beginning of the present season, the inhabitants of Muggs's Center held a meeting at the school-house to discuss ways and means of bringing within reach of the horny-handed toilers the goose that laid them golden eggs. The oldest inhabitant was first to speak. He had ten spare rooms in his farm-house.

"I think I know the cause of the present depression in the summer boarder business," he said. "It's because we have progressed too far. The city boarder comes here expecting to find us 'hayseeds' and 'Rabes.' He finds us, instead, people who read the papers and magazines, and who visit the city often, and, in consequence, well read, well informed and progressive. The city boarder does not like this. He wants to be smarter than we are. He wants to go back to the city well satisfied with his own superior knowledge and well supplied with anecdotes of our rude ways and uncouth speech. We must move backward. Hide the books and magazines! Let your whiskers grow! Talk through your nose; say 'b'gosh!' and 'gol darn it!' and the voice of the summer boarder will be heard in the land."

When the oldest inhabitant ceased speaking there arose a buzz of earnest conversation among those present. It was plain to be seen that all felt the force of his remarks. He was earnestly seconded, and, after appointing an executive committee, the meeting adjourned.

On June 15, the executive committee locked up Smith's old warehouse and nailed the door. Inside the warehouse were the following articles, among others too numerous to mention: Eight bicycles, two typewriters, three sets of encyclopedias, twelve bookcases and their contents, and about a ton of magazines, together with nine dress-suit cases and four tennis sets. The pool and billiard tables and the nickel-in-the-slot machines had also been taken from the village tavern and stored there. All the farmers had grown whiskers, and their wives and daughters were wearing their sun-bonnets and print dresses. All the children were made to go barefooted, and at Squire Davis's suggestion the old blue willow-ware china and spinning wheels were removed from decorative duties in the various village parlors and put into everyday use. The village bank was closed and turned into a country store of the style of '49.

Needless to say the experiment was a great success. In two weeks every spare room in Muggs's Center was occupied, and before the end of July the natives were basking in the barge, so great was the influx of dialect story

writers, the oldest inhabitant alone having forty on his premises.

Early in October the oldest inhabitant lifted two heavy canvas bags out of his buggy and entered the re-opened Muggs's Center Savings Bank. Squire Davis came forward and greeted him. "Well, you were right!" he said heartily.

"I was, b'gosh!" answered the oldest inhabitant.—*Roy L. McCordell in Puck.*

The Colonel's Awful Ordeal.

"The only time I ever was really scared," said the Colonel, "was on the edge of a little town in Ohio."

"Let's have it, Colonel."

"Well, I was comin' along about midnight—mind ye, boys, I've seen life in the plains an' in the arm—"

"Oh, yes; go on!"

"Well, it was nigh onto midnight, an' as I passed through a clump of trees—this was a college town and—"

"Yes, yes; what happened?"

"Smethin' seemed to crawl all over me an' push my ha'r right up through the scalp. I could see nothin', but I knew smethin' was wrong. So I blundered right through the half darkness and fast thing I knowed I run plump into about fo' dozen a'med men—"

"Impossible!"

"I wish it had been. They was young, active, fightin' men, too, an' ev'ry one of 'em had a revolvah an' big club. 'Well,' says I, 'gents, ye'll take me to the boss robbah, I'll give ye my watch—'"

"'Get out, ye old fool!' was the ansah."

"Did you git?"

"No, sah! Something about that crowd seemed to hold me, an' I stayed. Well, putty soon they begin to edge up in a suble, getting out an' cockin' the revolvahs. They was, as I said, 'bout fifty. Some of 'em picked up more clubs an' some rocks. They was muddah in they eyes an' death in the ah—"

"Yes, yes, what happened?"

"I was fascinated, spiltblood, awfully scared, and wasn't made a bit easah when I had the ledah whispah. 'Boys, don't let 'em escape!' But, sah, when the suble got closah and I cudden stand it no longer, I tunned to the biggest man an' said:

"In heaven's name, sah, what's the meanin' o' this?"

"How's yo' jaw lock?" he asked.

"Tight, sah; I kin keep a secret with any of 'em."

"Well," he said, "ye see we ah ahmed fo' despit deeds an' will die a fightin'—"

"I see!" said I, trembling all over.

"Ye see that house, among the bushes?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, that's the blamed, insignificant little cuss of a sophomore hid in that house an' we ah going 't' him, er die!"

"Then, boys, I quietly went about my business. I'm an educated man myself an' nevah meddle with the cause."—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Quite Right.

In all policies of life insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country filled up his father's age, "if living," 112 years and his mother's 102. The agent was amazed at this and fancied he had secured an excellent customer, but feeling somewhat dubious he remarked that the applicant came of a very long-lived family.

"Oh, you see, sir," replied he, "my parents died many years ago, but 'if living' would be aged as there put down."

"Exactly—I understand," said the agent.

An Official Guess.

The policeman had arrested a very dignified sort of man for being unable to walk steadily along the street when there were no earthquakes disturbing the earth's surface. Like some men in that condition he retained his faculty of speech.

"Sir," he said pompously, "is there anything in my language to warrant you in arresting me?"

"No," said the policeman briefly.

"Nor in my general appearance?"

"No."

"Well, sir, is there anything in me as a gentleman to warrant this arrest?"

"Be kind enough to state it please," and the gentleman braced against the wall and stuck his chest out like a turkey gobbler.

"I should say," replied the officer carefully, "that it was about six or eight large drinks of liquor."—*Detroit Free Press.*

His Meaning Illustrated.

A lawyer was cross-questioning a negro witness in one of the justice courts the other day, and was getting along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was.

"I'm a carpenter, sah."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"They calls me a jack-leg carpenter, sah."

"What is a jack-leg carpenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first-class carpenter, sah."

"Well, explain fully what you understand a jack-leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declar I dunno how ter explain any mo' 'cept to say hit am jes de same difference twixt you an' er first-class lawyer."—*Macon Telegraph.*

Daughter (weeping)—Oh, papa, to-day I enter already on my thirtieth year.

Father—Calm yourself, child—it won't last long.

Ayer's PILLS

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THE BEST

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PHYSIC

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

WIDOW.—A stirring and slightly ambitious person with decided individuality and thoroughly illogical mind, somewhat erratic impulses, but decided discretion. You are apt to credit those you love with too much, and you are also a bit open to influence. It is the writing of a strong mind, but should be an attractive and rather clever person.

ST. CLAIR.—You are generous and kind, a bit given to idealism, somewhat ambitious and fond of nice and dainty belongings, not very magnetic, but a shrewd and sensible rather than romantic person. Your affections are constant and your whole nature of a high tone, with sufficient tenacity, power and self-reliance to make a very estimable personage.

NIRAL.—Your writing shows much ambition to rise and a generally enterprising and progressive nature. You are not, however, markedly matter-of-fact or practical, being disposed to idealize greatly those whom you prefer. You are rather bright and magnetic, very self-willed and a little disposed to crankiness, impatient of slow results, fond of fun, a man of good ability, a very live if not tractable personage.

WITCH OF ENDOR.—This is a self-sufficient and forceful person, very bright and clever, and probably vivacious in manner. She is not likely to give away her last cent, nor over trust unduly either man or woman. In fact, but that she calls herself a witch and uses a wand, it is inclined to put the shoes on the wrong foot. As a witch, she must use very weird and strong spells, for the grace of soft soldier she is quite innocent. Such a sturdy, self-respecting and practical witch I need, independent, strong in her own purpose, a fine study.

RECTOR.—There are several schools of eloquence in Toronto and several professors who take private pupils. I must refer you to our advertising columns for their addresses. I should fancy a few good lessons would be of much greater benefit than any book of instruction. However, if you will enquire at McKenna's, 80 Yonge street, they will get you an instruction book. Your writing has promise, but is at present rather undeveloped. Pull yourself together and cultivate thought and reflection. I'm afraid you'd never keep a secret as you are now constituted.

A FOREIGNER.—Your character should be a very good one. It is difficult to understand your writing, influenced as it is by what I suppose is your native language. Your reasoning powers are good, your artistic sense highly developed; you have good sequence of ideas, some tact, sympathy, a decided leaning to the opposite sex, care and method, good judgment, a love of society, a good deal of quiet energy, concentration and some ambition. I have just noticed the date of your letter. See how you've gotten the advantage of so many. Well, I'll let you keep it.

MIRA.—I suppose you intend that as your *nom de plume*, as you have put it in inverted commas. Your letter is dated March 22. It got somehow side-tracked for a time. Your writing shows a very amiable nature, careful, direct and reasonable. You are really a very sensible person, fond of beauty, of much sympathy, and light, though constant will. I don't think you'd care much to fight for your own way. You have some ambition; what you lack is a little taste of that pungent essence known as snap. I am quite sorry to refuse to read the study enclosed, but I really cannot.

LOUISA.—In the first place, neither your writing nor your character is at all fully developed, and were I to give you a delineation in all seriousness from this study you'd be very cross with me. 2. Good Friday is certainly a sad and solemn anniversary and, as such, is best left in the observance. 3. I do not fast in Lent, because I am obliged to take good care of my physical being and keep myself as strong as I can, in order to fulfil the duties which fate has

Constrained to Speak

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Cords in the Palms of the Hands Drawn Up in Knots.

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The same work is being done to-day on a vastly more extended scale. Martyrs to rheumatism are throwing aside the deceptive and worthless medicines that have no merit, honesty or solid standing, and are demanding Paine's Celery Compound from their druggists and dealers.

They are the wonderful results that have come from the use of Paine's Celery Compound to friends, neighbors and relatives; they also are aware of the fact that every cure published for the encouragement of the sick and suffering comes from some responsible resident of Canada, who can be interviewed or written to. To-day we give another strong and mighty proof of the never failing power of Paine's Celery Compound. The letter comes from Mrs. Mary McKillop of Campbellford, Ont. She says:

"After using your Paine's Celery Compound I am of opinion that I should say something in its favor for the benefit of all who have not given it a trial."

"I was a sufferer from rheumatism for a long time and endured great pain. The cords in the palm of my hands were drawn up in knots and I despaired of getting relief. However, after using Paine's Celery Compound, I have banished all my pains and troubles, and find myself strengthened in every way."

"I think Paine's Celery Compound is the best medicine in the world for rheumatism and all nervous complaints, and I will always recommend it strongly. I particularly recommend your medicine to all weak and delicate women."



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The ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Manfr's MONTREAL

I laid upon me. I am glad you enjoy the answers to correspondence. They must, however, sometimes read quietly without the questions.

ARIZO.—I could not help wishing I had a few more studies as neat and sensible as this one, though you cut me off with a line and a half less than the law demands. It is the writing of a scrupulously exact and business-like person, of good energy and excellent concentration, clever at affairs and of considerable taste and refinement; a firm will and very fair temper are shown, with decided care for appearance and wish to excel; some imagination, affection and a practical and slightly reticent method are shown. You should exercise considerable influence over surroundings. I should have liked a little more buoyancy and optimism shown, but you are really an exceedingly nice fellow.

ONLY A NURSE.—Surely one could hardly refuse to talk to you, my dear, away off in a strange land and so doubtful of yourself as you are! The very worst thing about you is that you write backward, which means that you are unduly self-conscious and introspective and weaken your growth and strength thereby. You should be a hopeful, ambitious and successful person, if you just gave yourself half a chance. I am afraid your nerves are a bit too sensitive for your profession. Take care of your health, don't think about your failures and you'll do and feel ever so much better. You have the ability and though you're a very sensitive woman, you have also the power. The very *nom de plume* you've chosen annoys me! Only a nurse! Why, what better or finer thing could one be? Go ahead, my girl, with a proper idea of your own dignity and importance.

SAMANTHA SMITH.—I don't think you love either of 'em, my dear; not what I should call loving. You probably like them both, and judging from your character would get on better with No. 2. If you are to like a man for his loches only you'll get badly lost. Sometimes, nature having no other gift for a creature gives him stature, and having allotted some other of loches, makes him small and of extra good quality. It is no use asking me to advise you which to marry, when you know perfectly well their good and bad points. You're a lucky young woman to have so much choice these anti-matrimonial days. 2 Your writing shows much ability, a rather incoherent method of thought, plentiful energy and a tendency to hasty resolve; you are rather bright in manner, with crude taste and an extremely feminine impulse. Your judgment could not be relied upon, as you are much influenced by appearance and not patient enough in searching for foundations. You are fond of company, very discreet and willing to take care of yourself.

BOYIN LASSIE.—You dear girl, I wish I had an infallible recipe to give you for stopping men from making fools of themselves. I honestly don't think you or any other girl can stop a man from drinking if he has formed the liquor habit. It is very lovely and kind of you to want to do so, and if he is open to influence and has not gone too far, your sweet interest and gentle words and prayers might win him from it, but when I see the thousands of cases that are sinking down daily, while women wear their nerves and tempers and lives out in trying to arrest the fall, I am not very hopeful. Drink is more to the drunkard than anyone can believe, a tyrant and a tempter at the same moment. Poor slaves, it's a mean life they live! 3 Your writing shows excellent practical common sense and a very even and just mind, honesty, adaptability and discretion. I don't think it does you justice to say it will be the future, for it is lacking in distinctive style and finish. It is evidently a hand to be respected and shows earnestness, probity and good sequence of ideas, with a hint of tenacity and very even temperament.

MACGONIGLE.—What a lot of questions! Do I ever take a dislike to persons at first sight? Not now, I know better. When I was as young as you I did, though. Do I think it possible to cure oneself of loving anyone better every time one sees them? Why no, I think I shouldn't want to be cured of such a happy disease. I suppose you mean someone whom you have no right to love. In that case, it is a crime, and a weakness which you have no right to harbor, and which must be cast out though it kill you. Mind that, my emotional daisy, and don't play the fool. It is commonly voted unadvisable to whistle, that is, unless you do it supremely well, in which case you can entertain people and

still be ladylike. I can't see any harm in whistling myself, though I must confess I only indulge in solitude, or on the dark side of the street. I remember once whistling a duet with a man I couldn't see. I was whistling to myself and he joined in with an alto from the opposite side of a shady street. I had a good laugh to myself when he walked at the corner to see who the other man was. He never even thought of glancing at me as I walked quietly by. Don't you do that, Marguerite, for you might get caught! You may be getting too old to whistle, but you aren't old enough to have much character in your writing, and I really am afraid I must ask you to wait a while. You have the promise of an excellent handwriting.

"Minnie, aren't my roses nice?"

"Yes, very pretty."

"But don't you like their perfume?"

"Oh, yes, it is just like mamma's—that she got from Piesse & Lubin when she was in London, England."

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama.

HERRMANN performs certain new feats this year that are ahead of anything he has yet done. He causes Madame Herrmann to apparently disappear through a large mirror, to vanish suddenly in mid-air from off a swing, and gives a puzzling exhibition of his art in what he calls the escape of a prisoner from Sing Sing. A man in prison garb is placed in a square cage that stands free from floor, ceiling and walls; a curtain drops around him, and in a moment a strange voice comes from within, the curtains are raised and there stands an entirely different man dressed as a prison-guard. "Where is the prisoner?" demands the magician. "Here," comes the answer from the back of the theater, and the man runs down the aisle. That the two men change places in the box is undoubted, but how is it done? This is very like the trick performed out-of-doors at the Exhibition, but it is done much more skilfully, there being in Herrmann's act no apparent possibility of using trap doors or any other human device. He causes all those manifestations peculiar to spiritualism, being careful to state that he has no desire to offend any person's honest convictions, and does not object if some care to attribute what he does to spiritualism. But although he causes rappings, table movements and the usual phenomena of spiritualism, these seem trivial compared with the astounding things he does by what he confesses to be trickery. One is forced to conclude that almost any apparent impossibility is possible to a man of skill who applies himself to its accomplishment. Watching Herrmann produce two glass basins, one after another, from beneath a handkerchief in his hand, each basin filled to the brim with water and containing live gold-fish, one can form some idea of the influence that such a man could exert were he to devote his energies to gaining spiritual authority over ignorant minds.

Jane has been drawing crowded houses at Jacobs & Sparrows' all week, the people showing appreciation of the chance to see this excellent play at popular prices. There is no better comedy on the road than Jane and I fancy the general public will have enjoyed it very much as a change from the intense melodrama. Still, with regard to the melodrama, the taste of critics seems to be utterly at fault, for protest as we may against the extravagant passions displayed and the absurd, unchanging plot unfolded, managers and popular price houses go right on staging such pieces and coining money. I believe they find that nothing pays like the old pieces with lots of weeping and tin thunder. However, Jane caught on of course. It could not fail, for the real humor of the piece lies always so plainly on the surface that no one can either ignore or resist it. The company presenting the piece is a very good one.

The management of Jacobs & Sparrows' Opera House will present to their patrons next week one of the most successful productions at present before the public, the famous Black Crook. The popular favor accorded grand spectacle in this country has resulted in magnificent productions being placed before American audiences, equaling, and in many cases surpassing, the most famous European plays. This may justly be claimed for The Black Crook, which scored a phenomenal run of twelve months at the Academy of Music, New York, owing to the remarkably complete and lavish manner in which it had been mounted. The company visiting this city retains the cleverest and most talented artists of the New York revival. But with new costumes in the rarest fabrics; original ballets, in which an army of beautiful girls take part; elaborate scenery and bright and catchy music, the present production will eclipse all previous attempts to place before the public a perfect show. Animated throngs of clever dancers will form the most beautiful tableaux, and under the radiance of countless colored lights the grand march will take place, headed by the beautiful Amazonian Guards. Clever metropolitan artists will appear in the play, and they will be assisted by specialty artists of European fame. Among the latter will be the famous Pexo and Reno, from the Cirque Cissnelli, St. Petersburg. The visit of The Black Crook to this city should be one of the most successful engagements of the season, as it is seldom that a production of such magnificence is seen out of the metropolis. The regular scale of popular prices will prevail and matinees will be given on the usual days, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

For the past few seasons the most popular form of amusement with fashionable London, Eng., theater-goers has been vaudeville. Now it has reached New York, and the demand for high class and refined vaudeville performances has become so great that those shrewd managers, the Messrs. Aronson, have determined to change their pretty Casino, the home of so many famous comic opera productions, into a strictly vaudeville resort. Knowing that Torontonians are always up to date, the new management of the Academy of Music has decided on the same course. In fact, this comfortable theater was leased for that purpose, and on Monday next the regular

season will commence with the Rose Hill English Folly Company. This excellent company of London's famous burlesquers have just closed a successful season in New York. Other refined vaudeville combinations will follow in quick succession, many of them the same that will be presented at the New York Casino by Mr. Rudolph Aronson. The Academy will be the only first-class house devoted strictly to vaudeville in Canada. The Rose Hill Co. will give what is said to be a gorgeous production of the operatic burlesque, The Fakir's Daughter.

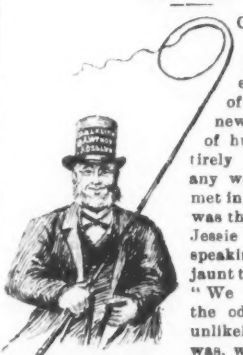
Handsome Bob Mantell will appear at the Grand next week in a brilliant repertoire, opening Monday night with Monbars, in which he achieved his first great success. On Tuesday evening he will present the Corsican Brothers, made famous by Charles Fechter, playing the dual roles of Louis and Fabian. At the Wednesday matinee Monbars will be repeated by request. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Mr. Mantell will be seen in Hamlet and Othello, and on Friday evening and Saturday matinee will present the tragedy, Parrhasius, which last year so deeply thrilled Torontonians.

The subscribers' list for the third season of Kleiser's Star Course will be limited this year to two hundred names. Applications for seats are being sent in rapidly to Grenville P. Kleiser, 421 Church street.

The Academy of Music has been dark this week. From a private letter received by the editor we are permitted to say that the Misses Webber of London, Eng., who met with such universal favor as entertainers a couple of years ago when they first visited Canada, will make a tour of Ontario, commencing about the end of the month. These young ladies, Peggy, Rosalind and Lucy Webber, are possessed of unusual talent; indeed, they drew, even from Ruskin, a letter of thanks. He said: "I have not seen any public entertainment for many a long year at once so sweet, innocent and helpful." Since their former visit to Canada they have added extensively to their repertoire, a notable addition being the new costume sketch, by Arthur T. Weston, entitled An April Jest, in which a minuet is danced by the Misses Peggy and Lucy, and the costumes worn are those of the last century.

Della Fox has published an article in one of the New York papers on the habit young men have of trying to make matches upon actresses. She points out how ridiculous it is for young men to suppose that actresses, performing constantly before brilliant audiences all over the continent, can bother taking any serious interest in such attentions as are offered them by young jackanapes. She advises them to stop it and says that if they knew how their little love-letters are made fun of they would stop it quickly enough. Then she gives an instance: "Once in Washington—I was then with Mr. de Wolf Hopper—on several occasions I noticed a young man who was trying in every way to attract my attention. He always sat in the same seat, and would give me the most killing glances. I soon received a note, which I was quite sure was from him. It was to the effect that he would be pleased to have the honor of taking me to supper that night, and that I would indicate my willingness to accept his kind invitation by coughing three times upon my next entrance. The note was so ridiculous that it was read aloud, and when the curtain went up you would have thought that the entire company had the whooping cough. You should have seen the young man. He stood it as long as he could and finally left the theater."

Odd Types.



Sam Johnston, Coach Driver.

CCASIONALLY we ordinary mortals experience the delight of discovering a new type, specimen of human nature entirely different from any we have hitherto met in real life. Such was the remark of Miss Jessie Alexander in speaking of her recent jaunt through Scotland. "We find models in the oddest and most unlikely places, thus it was, when in the very shadow of Scott's steeple-like monument, one perfect June morning, while zipping on the beauties of Edinburgh, we ran across the renowned coach driver, Samuel Johnston, whose name and fame as a 'king of good fellows' is known to tourists from every corner of the globe. He was arrayed in a brilliant scarlet coat, and his high white hat bore the inscription on a shiny black band, 'Dalketh Place, Hawthornden and Rosslyn.' After negotiating for the box seats we were soon on our way through one of the most picturesque and historic parts of Scotland, and to us quite as interesting were the 'twelve miles' of pawky Scotch stories of our driver. The way he mixed 'Queen Ma-a-ry,' 'Darnley' and 'Sir Walter Scott' with such modern figures as the widow (twice a widow), who cast suit places at Johnston, was most ludicrous. As we were leaving at the end of our drive he delivered these original lines:

My friends, ye know 'tis time to go
And I must stop these touches,
But when ye next to Rosslyn go
Tak one of John's fine coaches

"We were met at the gate of Craigmilla Castle by another type who presented the most absurd contrast to the grim and gloomy surroundings of the castle stronghold. The old portress wore the most expansive smile I ever beheld, while with candle in hand she conducted us through the dungeons, telling us the most gruesome tales in the most

cheerful manner of the terrible plight of some of the old-time occupants.

"On a journey over the cathedral route we found ourselves in the same compartment with an English Church bishop, and so well did he serve as a model I had been seeking for in one of my selections that I went four stations beyond my destination to better study the inflections and modulations of his speech and other characteristics. The oiliness of voice, pomposity and condescension of manner can only be described in mimicry."

Miss Alexander has been very happy in her choice of selections this season, and her programme for Tuesday evening next at the Massey Music Hall should attract all the lovers of this form of entertainment. The recital is under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor.

The Adventures of Bob Moon.

No. 6.—By Mack.

When Bob stopped his horse at the door of the Howling Wilderness Inn, after a long ride across the mountains, he did not much fancy it as a place to peel off one's clothes and sleep soundly in. He knew that if he went to bed he would go to sleep, and if he got to sleep the inmates could, were they so minded, enter his room and pull his teeth without rousing him, so sound a sleeper was he. So he tied his nag and decided to do some prospecting before he definitely staked out a claim just there.

It was a ramshackle structure rushed up in a hurry, as were all buildings a few years ago in the Montana hill country. The bar consisted of two rough boards laid upon benches, which were probably the carpenter's horses used in putting up the palatial public house. There were bottles to no end and a mirror bearing some ornamental drawing in soap, probably done in exchange for drinks by some gifted artist who had floated around that way. For men came and men went in that country unmolested, if they let other people's business be. The idea that out West people shoot at each other on sight, the victor examining his victim to see whom he has potted, is all wrong. There never was a time when humanity was shot out west in a manner similar to that employed in regard to game. All things being equal, a newcomer was welcomed with a heartiness no Easterner can conceive. There always was a chance that the new arrival had money and an imperfect knowledge of the gambling games which he could not refuse to participate in, and so why should they not welcome him? Moreover, when the advent of a newcomer increased the population of a city by ten per cent., why should not the patriotic citizens welcome him heartily? As for shooting, it was strenuously discouraged, for a city with thirty-three inhabitants couldn't stand a too free indulgence in the luxury of homicide. A crude idea of economy suggested that a little self-repression for a time would allow the population to attain such dimensions that this irksome restraint would no longer be necessary.

Bob found the saloon a typical one and ordered some bitters as an evidence of good faith. The bar-tender was a nice sort of a chap, although he did wear a bad knife-scar across his cheek, and swore like a boy reciting Cavaianca at a soiree. Bob was not through prospecting yet, so he had his horse sent around to bed, with instructions that he be afterwards tied at the door. He figured that no man can correctly estimate the moral tone of a settlement until he has seen the women folks belonging to it.

And he did not see anything resembling a woman until he went in to supper, and then he was waited upon by an old, mean-looking female.

"This joint is all right," remarked Bob to himself. "Men who will keep such an old limb as that around must be philanthropists. Somebody'll come in in a minute and say grace, I suppose."

But not being accustomed to miracles he did not wait for this to happen. He had heard as a boy at home how a stranger in the rough country fell into a strange house for the night and felt ill at ease for his safety until before retiring the head of the house held family worship. He had known many men who could conduct family worship or steal a horse with equal facility, still, generally speaking, such a service if held on this particular occasion would have reassured as well as astonished him. It did not happen, though something did occur which showed that the occupants of the place were in a healthy frame of mind.

She Would Make Them Jump.



Miss Grace—Are you still opposed to matrimony and a hater of men?
Miss Fortly—Yea. Still I have one little wish. I wish I were the mother of six daughters, so that I could be mother-in-law to six men.—*Fleeting Blatter.*

And this was an invitation from the bartender to sit in at a game of cards in the next room. Bob was beginning to feel very suspicious, and if the invitation had not come when it did he would have broken from the place at breakneck speed. To be the only guest in a mountain hotel for over two hours without being invited to gamble, denoted that some other scheme of plunder was afoot.

He joined the party: the bartender, a big fellow who had been in the bar when he arrived, and a thin little man whom he had not seen heretofore. The play was for good-sized stakes and he had the little man for partner. They won quite a pile of money and were having a very pleasant game when something unexpected occurred.

"Tell your friends to go and stand over there with their faces to the wall."

It was Bob Moon's voice, and the speaker pointed with one hand while the other seemed to be busy beneath the table. It was to the bartender he spoke; his knee against that worthy's leg, his eyes looking sternly into his, while his arm that reached beneath the table stiffened like iron.

The bartender began to swear in a complaining sort of way, the others jumped to their feet and swore in less characteristic fashion, but Bob never diverted his attention from the man beside him.

"Tell them to put away their guns and crowd up against the wall," dictated Bob. "Do what he says, boys," cried the barman; "the crazy fool's got a knife against my ribs." The two men got furious and advanced, but a slight demonstration with the arm that reached under the table caused them to stop, and they lined up against the wall.

Then Bob got up with his man, put one arm over his shoulder, and with the other kept the knife against his side and walked out at the door. He got across his horse and galloped into the darkness.

"What was the matter?" we all gasped, when Bob for the first time related to us this adventure.

"Well, maybe I was mistaken," said Bob, "but I feared foul play, and the way the barman tumbled when I called his attention to my knife under the table made me sure of it. The first thing that set me on edge was catching one of the fellows cheating—cheating to let me win. Then the liquor wasn't brought in in a bottle, but the glasses were filled in the other room, and to clinch matters I noticed when I dropped a card that my chair was right over a cellar door. Perhaps it didn't open downwards at all, perhaps the fellows were losing money to me just because I was handsome, but somehow I hankered to get away and forgot all my manners."

"They didn't chase you?"

"No. Somebody jerked a chunk of lead down the road, and I found a slit in my horse's ear next morning. But nobody chased me."

The Fat Man's Plight.

The fat man sat on the burning deck of a pleasure boat. Included in his personality were 300lb. of perspiring humanity. As he mopped his moist features (for it was a very warm day) the fat man discoursed eloquently on the hardships of his lot.

"Fat men are supposed to be always jolly," he groaned, "but to a sensitive fat man like me jollity is an unknown quantity. People seem to think that a fat man has no feelings. They pass remarks on my appearance as though I were at the North Pole, or some other remote portion of the earth, and could not hear a word."

"The women are the worst. Talk about a woman's consideration for others; why, my dear sir, you be a fat man for a day, and you'll find out. If I am sitting in a car, minding my own business and trying hard to like myself, I am sure to see a couple of dressed up flirts in petticoats nudging each other, deliberately pointing me out and laughing."

"Why, women will laugh about my fatness right in my face, as unconcerned over my looks of indignation as though I were a stuffed curiosity and couldn't hear or see."

"Jolly! I feel jolly enough to kill 'em sometimes. Men will at least try to let me down easy by pretending to be laughing about something else, or wait until they think I am not looking. But I always know. I can feel when people are talking about me without seeing or hearing them."

Just then the look of anguish faded from the fat man's face. He appeared to become positively happy.

Pointing to another man who had just emerged from the cabin, and who weighed about fifty pounds less than the sensitive fat man, he said, with a gleeful chuckle:

"Why, that man is fatter than I am! Ha! ha! ha!"



To a Fallen Leaf.

For Saturday Night.

Dead leaf, from green to auburn turn'd,
The Summer's song is sung;
Where is the life that in you burn'd
When on the tree you hung?
You rose and fell with every breeze
That gather'd 'round the wood,
And made its music in the trees
To die upon the flood.

Where is the spark of living fire
That touched you in the Spring?
That spark that trembled with desire
To fuse in everything,
The spark that made you shade the flower
Unshelter'd from the breeze,
Which burst in bloom within an hour,
And, smiling, look'd at you.

In early Spring your folds were curl'd
Upon the budding bough,
Spring's passing days swept on the world,
Those days have vanish'd now!
The fire went flashing through your frame,
Your folds uncurl'd in green,
All Summer long the hidden flame
Enrich'd you with its sheen.

But when the Autumn's golden glow
Enrich'd hill and dell,
The leaves dropped to the ground below,
And in your turn you fell;
The tender spark that gave you life,
Before your falling, fled,
Withdrawing from the mortal strife:
And you, O Leaf, were dead.

Upon the branch blown to and fro,
O Leaf upon the ground,
No more will winds across you blow
And turn you round and round.
Deserted by the living breath
In Autumn's golden dawn,
Your frame became the home of death:
Where has the life-spark gone?

Afar in an untraveled clime,
Beneath a warmer sun,
Where Spring is dancing in its prime,
When here its day is done,
The life that passed away from you
Is in some leaf yet seen,
Increasing to a brighter hue,
The palest tints of green.

There will the leaflet day by day
Upon its tree unfold;
There will the Spring the seasons stay,
Until the green is gold.
And when the Summer's reddening hand
Approaches Nature's heart,
The Spring will leave that foreign land
And life too, will depart.

And when the Spring desires that land
And comes again to ours,
To sow with an abundant hand
Its glory on the flowers;
Upon the plains of the Spring,
Crossing the land and main,
The life that with your green look'g wing
Will homeward come again.

Toronto, Sept. 24, 1894. ALBERT R. J. F. HARRARD.

The Lost One.

For Saturday Night.

He will come when the whispering wind of the West
Has sunk in a sunset adieu;
And the sky with a jeweled glory dress
Shines up from the darkening deep;
When the earth is hushed in the calm of rest
He will come at last to me!
But the wild sea heard the whispered word
And answered mockingly:

"When the crag birds glide in the glinting light
And sunset broods o'er all,
Afar where the waves are crowned with white
He will battle the mist and equal;
Though twilight fade in the moonless night
He cannot heed your call."

He will come when the sun of a cloudless morn
Will flash through the smiling East,
When the brown thrush sings on the nodding thorn
In the joy of the morning feast;
When the sable veil of night is torn
He will come at last to me!
But the wild sea heard the whispered word
And answered mockingly:

"On my heaving breast is left no trace
Of the madly-tossing bark,
The creak in the chill of my cold embrace,
Through caverns still and stark,
And I gently lay his stony face
In those realms of the secret dark."

HELEN REVERIE.

Love's Adieu.

For Saturday Night.

O thou! the light of this unhappy life
My love for thee I cannot, dare not say;
Love must with duty hold unceasing strife
But evermore let the wild hopes have away
Thy presence does what naught beside can do,
My every blissful thought belongs to thee,
The knowledge of thy love so real, so true,
Still sweetens life's most bitter cup for me.

Were I but thine, not Duty's wedded bride,
What heavenly radiance o'er my path had shone,
Yet must I send thee mourning from my side
And wander on my weary way—alone.

OMEGA.

The Witnesses.

For Saturday Night.

Stroke after stroke, so weary told the car
Filed by a boatman and who strove for shore.
"Wherefore," he cried, "and wherefore shall I, ease,
Thus urge my laggard craft against the wave?
The haven fair which my tired soul doth crave
Seems shut by fate, nor may me, fainting, save."

Relaxed his faith, yet fearful still his car
Fell not. Undreamt by him amid the roar,
Shore watchers said that hero-like he tore.

ROBERT BUTCHART.

Between You and Me.

AN American woman has written a book about Eastern people, their homes and their ways, which is charming from its bright and hopeful tone. One is so tired of minor chants about Indian child wives and plights of the suppressed and unjust customs of the East. The missionaries will not like Mrs. Miln, who has traveled as what she calls "a strolling player" through India, China and Japan, and who tells stories by the dozen of her experiences and adventures, for Mrs. Miln would lead one to believe that our women of America are likely to need the unselfish precepts of the Gospel, and other women in England would benefit by the practice of true religion more than those Easterners whom we've been brought up to consider as so very lacking in knowledge of good. Well, it's a comfort to find that the world is better than one has been told, and to see it through the rosy spectacles of this bright woman, who says very sweetly that God gave her but one gift, the gift of loving, which is in her notion the very best gift of all. It won't do to dispute that, if one pauses to remember what the gift of loving has inspired people to do since the world began.

Just confidentially, I might confess that I believe it's a mistake to insist too strongly that "we are the people." It gives me much pleasure to hear the utterances of a certain style of patriot, whose unshaken belief in the infallibility of We, Us & Co., and whose talent for disparaging other countries rouses in me a very hot resentment and contradiction. To hear a returned Englishman's contemptuous remarks on Japan, or an Anglo-Indian's opinion of the natives and their ways always lowers him in my estimation. But then the colossal patriotism and self-satisfaction of a typical Englishman is really a sort of disease which one must sadly note among the incurables. I know of one remedy, which comes expensive but is certain to either kill or cure. That is a wife of pronounced brain power and an utterly American heart. "I wish I was a king!" said a small boy emphatically, as we gossiped on the doorstep. "I'd have soldiers and go to war, and I'd never be made go to a hateful old school." That the school is hateful to him I can quite understand, for our public schools of juvenile learning are sometimes a little rough on a sensitive and reserved little being. But it wouldn't do not to set him right on the desirability of being a king, so I read him a little skit on the breezy Young Emperor William, which was more pointed than polite, and I told him of the Czar, and his overwrought nerves, and I informed him that the King of Italy didn't like bicycles, and I drew a sanguine picture of poor Carnot's taking off, and then I asked him how he felt about it. "But I wouldn't be like any of them," he said impatiently, and that's just what we all think at heart, being so strong in anticipation and so weak in realization. Did you never say to yourself that if you were such and such a grandee you'd not do as they are doing? How about the flirtations and *petits soupers* of the Prince of Wales? or the boasting and bombast of his nephew, Billy? or the incoherent freaks of Carmen Sylva? or the strapping of our own dear old Great Grandma? We should not be like any of these, certainly not! for we shan't have the chance, but the odds are that we'd all, both men and women, be a good deal worse.

I read the other day of a voyage in a cattle ship and it was to me quite an eye-opener. The *voyageur*—for she was a woman—took a cheap trip across and is in love with the whole arrangement, the cattle, the ship, the attendance, the *facile princeps*, the officers. If only a fine class of passengers would be ensured I'd feel like trying it myself next year, but one of the objections to cheap boats, in fact the greatest, is that one must be shut up for eight or ten days with people who, however horrid they are on land, are ten times more horrid at sea. On my *voyageur's* cattle ship she would probably have found this out, but that she kept herself much isolated on a certain corner of the main deck and associated with her own little traveling party. I couldn't do that and be happy, for the piquancy of a friendship formed at sea is just four-fold that of any other. Close in my heart I cherish such friendships, growing like Jonah's gourd, undisturbed by any outer distraction, just a real psychical bone-knitting. There is a lovely old colonel down in Georgia, a dark-eyed girl in Naples, a golden-haired Swede in New York, a quiet, bearded business man in Chicago, a woman lawyer in Washington, a sandy-haired Scot in the North-West. I have no friends like those whom I got between shore and shore, no friends of just their flavor. I mean, and I'm sure none of them would have gone in a cattle ship, or if they had and I had hugged myself in a corner of the main deck I shouldn't have gained them.

A woman cyclist has made a twelve hundred mile ride in and out, round and round the English. (You know one would have to make a good many tacks to cover that much ground). She wore, well I hardly know what to call 'em! they were just plain and unadorned "bags," as the Irish cyclists call their knickerbockers, and in all her pilgrimage she did not meet the least rudeness or unpleasantness. England tolerates many things which her colonies think too progressive—stop a moment tho' our Antipodes so her one better, for the daily papers have an account of an Australian wedding in which bride and groom and every one of the bridal party wore knee breeches. Fancy one's mother-in-law in knee breeches! A man would feel like calling her "old chappie" and one bugbear of humanity would vanish under the *regime* of the New Woman. This woman cyclist (of whom the powers be proud!) had an unconscious sense of humor. She met a party of tourists, called a National Home Reading Party, away up west in the lovely lake country. She offered to take them up Skiddaw, she in her bag and they in skirts. "And when they came down," said the chronicler of this event, "lo! the other kind of woman was all muddy and bedraggled, while the New Woman was nice and tidy." Of course she was, but that hardly argues for the same costume at a swell wedding, at which the idea of a bride in knee breeches seems to me very undesirable. Knee breeches and a veil! O, shades of congruity! O, sense of the eternal fitness of things. Yet she had them both, this Antipodean bride, which only shows you, as Mrs. Partington said, "What things people may do who have to walk with their heads downward."

LADY GAY.

POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE EMPIRE.

CANADIAN STAMPS, PAST AND PRESENT.

The English stamp, like the English flag, is to be found in all parts of the world. From the isles of Great Britain to the Cape of Good Hope, from China to Borneo and India, from Newfoundland and Canada to the West Indies, from Victoria to the Fiji Islands and Australia extend the ramifications of the English postal service. Thus is emphasized again to the student the vast and widely separated extent of territory ruled over by Queen Victoria and the ramifications of English power into the uttermost parts of the earth. It can be truthfully said that the sun never sets upon the English postoffice.

By many it is supposed that Great Britain was the first country to issue stamps to prepay letters, and in fact the honor is claimed by her, though wrongfully. "Honor be to whom honor is due," and to France belongs the honor, for the stamp originated in the reign of Louis XIV., with M. de Valier, who in 1653 established a private "Sou Post," placing boxes at the corners of the streets, for the reception of letters wrapped up in envelopes, which were franked by bands of paper tied around them, with this inscription: "Post paid the (First) day of (July) 1653-54." These strips or franks were sold for a sou each and could be had at the palaces, convents, and from the porters of the colleges of Paris. The next country to use stamped envelopes and letter sheets was Sardinia. These are of three values each, embossed and printed in colors: fifteen cents, twenty-five cents and fifty cents. Thus we see that in the middle of the seventeenth century, one hundred and eighty-seven years before Great Britain conceived the idea, a postal service had been carried out successfully by one sister kingdom, and by another twenty-one years before.

Stamps were issued by Great Britain in 1840, and the ventures were envelopes and letter sheets of an elaborate design, which was drawn by W. Mulready, of the Royal Academy, and engraved by John Thompson. The design represents Britannia sitting upon her rock in the sea and sending forth flying messengers to all the nations of the earth, shown by allegorical figures grouped at the sides of the envelope or sheet. Great numbers of these prints were preserved by and for collectors, so that their value is not great, even fifty-three years after their issue. The penny envelopes printed in black fetch five dollars, and the letter sheets

Approaching Carlisle at 46 Miles an Hour.

In the upper right-hand corner of the envelope is a head of Victoria, enclosed in a rectangle of lathwork superimposed upon a diamond of the same work, with the words: "Postage, One Penny." In the upper left-hand corner of the envelope is the imperial coronet, imposed upon a conventional design combining the rose, the shamrock, the thistle and the lotus flower and charged with the letters "V. R.," printed in heavy black type. Below this on the left of the center of the envelope is a representation of the old-fashioned mail carrier, who wears a long frock and an amazing beaver top-hat of great size, and carries a package of letters in his hand. Beneath him is the date 1840, and beside him is printed: "Rates, 4d., 8d., 1s. 2d., 2s. 6d." On the right of the envelope, under the stamp, is the figure of a modern letter carrier, with his pouch upon his shoulder and wearing the regulation uniform. Beneath the figure is the date 1890, and beside him is the brief statement "Id." All this gorgeous design was offered to the people of England for one penny, and even now it is sold by a dealer for \$1.25.

A mere list of the countries whose letters must carry the stamps of England in some form or other is of itself imposing. It includes the isles of Great Britain, Gibraltar, Cyprus, Malta and others in Europe; the Cape of Good Hope, Gold Coast, Bechuanaland, Natal and others in Africa; India, China, Borneo and others in Asia; Canada, Newfoundland, several of the West Indies, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Bahamas and Antigua in North America; Honduras, Guiana, Trinidad and others in Central and South America; Queensland, Victoria, Tasmania, South Australia, New South Wales, Fiji and others in the South Pacific, and even then the list is not completed. More than fifty countries and colonies use the English stamps.

Postage stamps were introduced into the Nova Scotia colony in 1857. They were of four values, one penny, three pence, six pence and one shilling. The design of the one-penny stamp consists of a diadem full face of the Queen on ground of engine turning in linear diamond, surmounted with section of stars containing flowers in a frame lettered, "Nova Scotia Postage," and the value.

In 1860 these stamps were replaced by a new issue, the cent series, consisting of three values, 1 cent, 2 cent, 5 cent, which was sup-

objections, and it was resolved to request Mr. Connell to resign, which he did. The stamp was only used for one day and few, if any, ever passed through the mails.

The first local stamp issued by the Province of Newfoundland was in 1857, when there was printed a square stamp of the value of one penny, of a brown color. There is a crown in the center of a net or framework of Canadian thistles with the figure "1" in each corner.



Old Provincial Stamps.

"New Found" at the top, "land" at the right, "St. John's" at the left, and "One Penny" at the bottom. The two-pence issued soon after is somewhat similar in design, the whole "St. John's Newfoundland" being in a circle above. The three-pence, green, is a three-cornered stamp, with three thistles grouped in the center, "St. John's" on the left, "Newfoundland" on the right, with the words, "Postage, Three Pence," at the bottom. There were also issued during the year 1857 a two-pence, orange; five-pence, brown, and four, six, eight and a half, eight-pence and one shilling, orange. These stamps are very rare, the cheapest selling at twenty five cents. In 1863 appeared another rare series, printed in lake, of the values of two, four, six, eight and one half, eight-pence and one shilling. This set was suspended during the latter part of the year 1863, before the supply of the eight-pence of the former issue was exhausted; therefore, the eight-pence lake was never issued to the public.

In 1866 the first of the cent series was issued. The two-cent green is of oblong shape, with a fish in the center. The five-cent brown, which came next, is of similar shape, with a seal in the center. The ten-cent black is of the usual form, with a bust of the Prince of Wales in a square frame. The twelve-cent pink is of the same design. The thirteen-cent orange is oblong in form, with a full-rigged schooner in the center. The twenty-four-cent blue is of the same design. The same year there was also issued a one-cent lilac, with a portrait of the Prince of Wales on the center. From 1869 to 1876 another series was issued, the first stamp, a five-cent black, appearing in the fall of 1869. It is of the same design as the

and printed in lilac brown. In 1873 a beautiful post card was issued. In fancy type appear the words, "Newfoundland Post Card," above, with a stamp in the right corner, the whole on a beautifully raised ground, within a fancy engraved border. The card is printed in green on white. In 1880 the last issue appeared, as follows: one-cent, pale mauve; two cents, green; three cents, blue; five cents, blue. The one and three-cent stamps are rectangular in similar style to the former issues. The two-cent is oblong, with a codfish in the center. The five-cent is also oblong in form, with a seal in the center. Few countries have issued stamps more beautiful in design, and the stamps of Newfoundland are among the prettiest to be found in stamp collections.

The stamps of Gibraltar remind us of the supremacy of Great Britain in that part of the world which borders upon the Mediterranean, and we recall the impregnable fortress that controls the western entrance to that great inland sea. The stamps of Cyprus and Malta still further emphasize that fact, with their effigies of Queen Victoria, and when we come to the Levant and find the same agreeable features of the Queen adorning the stamps there we are reminded again of the predominant influence that Great Britain exercises in the political affairs of Eastern Europe.

Passing through the Suez Canal, where the stamps show us that France is still the dominant power, we come very soon to India, where the control of Great Britain again asserts itself. There are the same designs, the head of Queen Victoria being used almost exclusively with changes only in the inscriptions, which read, "East India Postage," "India Postage," or "Government of India," with values in strange terms like annas, rupees and pies, while on the stamps of several of the States also appears the coat-of-arms of Great Britain. Many of the native States over which England exercises sovereignty are still permitted to issue stamps of their own design, and these possess a peculiar native character in their art work that indicates little of the presence of the hated foreign master, an innovation that doubtless is particularly agreeable to the sensitive and patriotic feelings of the people.

Further eastward Great Britain's power is brought to view again in the stamps of North Borneo, which, however, are wholly individual in character, and reveal British influence only in their inscriptions. The same is also true of Hong Kong, whose stamps show the same effigy of Queen Victoria that has by this time, on this imaginary journey, become so familiar to us. The inscriptions are in English and in Chinese characters, and, strangely enough, the values are expressed in Canadian money, as for instance, five cents, ten cents, one dollar, etc.

Away to the southward is the great continent of Australia, with its several States and outlying islands, all of which have pretty stamps, that in general character conform for the most part to the established stamp of the home country, although in many instances the designs are of a peculiarly interesting native character, as in the case of New South Wales, which displays a map of Australia on some stamps, pictures of native public men on others; of Western Australia, all whose stamps have a swan for a principal design; of Victoria, which, for the most part, uses the English coat-of-arms and other emblematic designs, and of Tasmania, which has sometimes used the picture of a beaver.

In South America the display of British influence crops out in the stamps of Guiana, Honduras and other countries, and then we come to the West Indies, which is a regular network of British Post Offices, some of which, as for instance, Nevis, Bermuda and Antigua, have furnished us with some of the most beautiful stamps, as well as some of the rarest and most valuable that grace the stamp collector's albums.

North of us, from British Columbia and Vancouver Island to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, through Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, the British stamp carries the features of Queen Victoria along with the blood-red flag of England and the cross of St. George.

Far away again, from the east and the south, come the British stamps that stand for British supremacy in Africa, representing the postal service of Bechuanaland, Cape of Good Hope, Natal and other localities. And in Europe a quaint, almost forgotten, stamp recalls the time when England possessed the little island of Heligoland, that a few years ago was turned over to Germany.

Even such obscure places as Labuan, Asia, Lagos, Africa, and others, concerning which only the expert geographer can be expected to have much knowledge, have been found out by England and have the English postal service and stamps.

The Game of Dominoes.

The inventors of the game of dominoes were two monks at Monte Cassino. One day the inmates of the convent were on the look-out for a method of beguiling their leisure moments without transgressing the rule of silence to which they were subject. Two of their number hit upon the device of playing with square stones covered with dots, which they showed to each other and combined in a certain order agreed upon. The winner communicated the result to his partner by pronouncing in a low voice the lines of the veipers, which commence as follows: "Dixit Dominus domino meo." The new game soon sprang into favor, and was admitted to the rank of lawful recreations. It became popular outside the monastery walls, but the people, with their scanty knowledge of Latin, simplified the monastic formula, only retaining the word *domino*, by which the game was afterwards entitled.—*Le Monde Pittoresque.*

At the butcher's—"Why did you put up that large mirror near the door?"
"To prevent the servant girls from watching the scales."
"Do you think," said the intellectual young woman, "that there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better-natured than small ones?"
"Yes," answered the young man, "I do. Look at the difference between the Jersey moquito and the Jersey cow."



From the Four Quarters of the Globe.

four dollars; the two-penny envelopes, printed in blue, are worth seven dollars and fifty cents, and the letter sheets the same.

In 1890 the British Post Office had what is called a jubilee issue, and signaled the completion of fifty years' service by establishing a uniform penny postage. The envelope issued at that time is a tremendous affair, about six inches long by five inches high, and carries six distinct engravings, besides the lettering. Across the top runs the legend: "Post Office Jubilee of Uniform Penny Postage, South Kensington Museum, July 2, 1890."

Below this is a picture of four horses drawing a stage coach, whose panel is lettered "Royal Mail," through a fine stretch of rolling coun-

plemented in 1861 by three other values, 8 1/2 cent, 10 cent, 12 1/2 cent black. The design of the first is a profile of the Queen crowned, in linear circle, labels above bearing "Nova Scotia" and below the full value. The design in the remaining values is a full face of Victoria crowned, in oval. These are among the most beautiful stamps known to collectors, and rank next to the Pen stamps made by the National Bank Note Company in 1868, the Canadian stamps subsequently taking their place.

In 1861 a postage stamp was issued for the joint use of British Columbia and Vancouver Island. This represents 2 1/2 pence, color, rose. On the separate organization of the colony of British Columbia Vancouver Island, in 1865, used stamps of a distinct design. These stamps bear the water mark in the paper, CC and crown. They were issued unperforated, and afterward perforated. In 1865 British Columbia issued a single value, 3 pence, blue, with the water mark CC and crown. In 1868 a full series was issued of identical types with the foregoing, the different values made by surcharging the value in different colors on the stamp.

A New Brunswick stamp is one of the unique philatelic treasures. In the year 1860 the Hon. Charles Connell, a gentleman renowned alike for his integrity, genius and benevolence, was the Postmaster-General of the Province of New Brunswick. Soon after entering on his official duties, Mr. Connell discovered that the postage stamps of the province were susceptible of improvement, and to that end employed the bank note company to execute a set of stamps in lieu of the labels hitherto used. Mr. Connell furnished the designs, the idea of which was certainly original, which speak for the excellent taste of that gentleman to the present day, for the stamps of New Brunswick are unsurpassed in point of elegance and neatness by any stamp in Christendom. Mr. Connell's idea was the sensible one of putting a different design on each kind of stamp, and to that end a steam engine on the one-cent, a head of Her Majesty of England on the ten-cent, a steamboat (indicating European postage) on the twelve-and-a-half cent, a portrait of the possible future monarch of England on the seventeen-cent, and his own portrait on the five-cent.

The stamps arrived and were issued to the public, but Mr. Connell had, in the eyes of Her Majesty's lieges of New Brunswick, committed a fearful crime in engraving his own face on a similar piece of paper to that on which the Majesty of that broad domain on which the sun never sets, was depicted. A mass meeting, presided over by a political opponent of Mr. Connell, was instantly called to express its



Colonies of Asia.

try. The coachman and guard both wear high hats of the "stovepipe" pattern, and the driver, whip is about fifteen feet long. Below this stirring scene is the inscription: "The North Mail Making for Highgate, 1790, at 8 Miles an Hour."

Along the bottom of the envelope is a picture of a train of nine British railway carriages pulled by a smokeless British locomotive, apparently thundering along beneath long reaches of telegraph wires, which supposition is borne out by the legend: "The North Mail, 1890,



From Oceania.

five cent brown of 1866. In 1870 appeared a three-cent vermilion and a six-cent rose. These stamps are smaller and bear a photographic portrait of Queen Victoria, in widow's weeds, with the head turned to the right. From this stamp the design of the Canada bill or revenue stamp was afterward taken. Similar stamps of the value of one cent violet and three-cent blue were issued in 1871 and 1873. The five-cent stamp was issued for the third time in 1876, this time being printed in light blue.

In 1870 the one-cent stamp was slightly altered by the National Bank Note Company

Short Stories Retold.

A well known English poet, desirous of getting the laureateship, was bitterly complaining recently to a friend in a London club of the conspiracy of silence that was waged by the critics against his poetical effusions. "How ought I to meet this conspiracy?" he asked. "Join it," replied the friend.

A Chicago man in Lexington, soon after Garfield's death, was talking of the bungling of the surgeons, when one of the Kentuckians present remonstrated against the terrible treatment and its results. "Well, a Kentucky surgeon would have done no better," said the Chicagoan. "You are right, sah," replied the other; "Kentucky surgeons know nothing about treating wounds in the back, sah."

A colored woman presented herself as a candidate for confirmation in the diocese of Florida, and was required to say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments. She got through with the first two fairly well, as somebody had evidently been coaching her, but when it came to the last she bungled and hesitated, and then remarked in a confidential tone to the clergyman, "D's fac' is, Mr. Turpin, I hasn't been practicin' de Ten Commandments lately."

While the late Lord Coleridge was at Oxford it was his duty as a Fellow to read the lessons in chapel, and one day he read, by mistake, the second lesson where he should have read the first. To conclude it in the orthodox way was hardly correct, as it was not the second lesson, but the first; nor could it well be described as the first lesson, as properly it was the second. A moment's hesitation supplied him with the appropriate word. "Here endeth the wrong lesson."

The late Lord Tennyson was not credited with much admiration for pictorial art. Lord John Russell met him on his return from Italy, and asked how he enjoyed the pictures and works of art in Florence. "I liked them very much," said Tennyson, "but I was bothered because I could not get any English tobacco for love or money. A lady told me I could smuggle some from an English ship if I heavily bribed the custom-house officers; but I didn't do that, and came away."

In W. R. Le Fanu's Seventy Years of Irish Life is a reference to the visit of George IV. to Ireland in 1821, which was enlivened, as much as a state visit may be, by the following incident: "The king entered Dublin in an open carriage, drawn by eight splendid horses and attended by a number of grooms and footmen in magnificent liveries. He was in military uniform and constantly took off his hat, smiling and bowing to the people, who enthusiastically cheered him. At one point a man close to the carriage stretched out his hand to the king and said, 'Shake hands, your majesty!' The king shook hands heartily. The man waved his hand and called out, 'Begorra, I'll never wash that hand again!'"

After a dinner at Lord Dungarvan's (Lady Morgan writes in her diary) I met the redoubtable Dan O'Connell. Dan is not brilliant in private life, not even agreeable. He is mild, silent, unassuming, apparently absorbed, and an utter stranger to the give-and-take charm of good society. I said so to Lord Clanricarde, who replied, "If you knew how I found him this morning! His hall, the very steps of his door, crowded with his clients. He had a word or a written order for each, then hurried off to the law courts, thence to the Improvement Society, and was the first guest here to-day. Two hours before, he was making that clever but violent speech to Mr. La Touche; and now no wonder that he looks like an extinct volcano."

The poet Shelley tells an amusing story of the influence that language "hard to be understood" exercises on the vulgar mind. Walking near Covent Garden, London, he accidentally jostled against an Irish navvy, who, being in a quarrelsome mood, seemed inclined to attack the poet. A crowd of ragged sympathizers began to gather, when Shelley, calmly facing them, deliberately pronounced, "I have put my hand into the hamper, I have looked on the sacred barley, I have eaten out of the drum. I have drunk and am well pleased, I have said 'Knox O'napax,' and it is finished." The effect was magical; the astonished Irishman fell back; his friends began to question him, "What barley?" "Where's the hamper?" "What have you been drinking?" and Shelley walked away unmolested.

When Westinghouse first obtained his patent on the air-brake, he managed to secure an introduction to Commodore Vanderbilt, who did not design to stop reading his letters while the inventor extolled the merits of his device. When he had spoken his little piece, Vanderbilt for the first time seemed to take notice of him, and, looking up, suddenly said, in his gruffest tones, "What's that you say?" So Westinghouse commenced all over, and when he finished he waited patiently for the verdict. Once more the old commodore raised his head long enough to jerk out, "What's that you say about air?" Westinghouse told him. Looking him steadily in the face, the old man replied in freezing tones, "That will do; I have no time to waste with a d—d fool." Discouraged, but not disheartened, Westinghouse left. Soon, however, many roads were using the brake and Westinghouse's fame and fortune were made. When that time had arrived, he one day received a letter from Commodore Vanderbilt asking him to call at the Central's office. Mr. Westinghouse's reply was terse and to the point. He simply wrote, "I have no time to waste with a d—d fool."

Labouthere was at dinner one evening in his Twickenham villa, when an uninvited guest arrived—a Mexican, who had a government concession in which he was very anxious to interest Labouthere. The stranger talked volubly until his host, who had listened with evident reluctance, asked, "How do you expect to get back to London to-night? My house, as you see, is full, and I cannot offer you a bed. Have you a carriage?" "No," said the Mexican, "I came by train, and intend to return that way." "But," returned Labouthere,

A Responsive Wife.



Mr. S.—Now, wife, here are five hundred marks to pay your expenses on the trip. Times are bad and you must be economical.
Mrs. S.—Very well, dear. Give me another three hundred marks and we will save the price of telegraphing for it later. —*Fitzgibbon Blatter.*

"the last train left five minutes ago. There is one chance for you," he went on. "I will row you down the river to the next station, where you can catch the express. We can talk business on the way." Excusing himself to his guests, Labouthere went off with the Mexican. Within an hour he was back. "That Mexican," he said, in the tone of one who has accomplished a satisfactory piece of work, "is landed on an island which is overflowed at high tide. It will be high tide in half an hour. No man ever spoiled my dinner with Mexican concessions twice."

When Lord Randolph Churchill was last in America, he visited Philadelphia, and, while collecting statistics relating to the State prisons of Pennsylvania, he was referred to the head of the State Prisons Board, Cadwallader Biddle. Before calling upon Mr. Biddle, however, Lord Randolph fell into the hands of some wags of the Union League Club. "You've got the name wrong," said one of these merry jesters; "it's not Cadwallader Biddle, but Biddallader Waddie." "Don't mind what he says, Lord Randolph," exclaimed another; "the real name is Waddillader Caddle." A third member took the ex-chancellor of the exchequer aside and imparted to him in confidence that he was being gulled on all sides. "What, then, is the actual name of the prisons board chief?" anxiously asked the noble lord. "The actual name," confided his false friend, "is Diddollader Widdle." And when Lord Randolph drove to the prisons board that evening he was so upset that he stammered, "Will you take this card in to Mr. Bidd—cad—wid—wad—did—dollarader what's his name?—I mean the chief of the board, but I forget his extraordinary nomenclatural combination."

That Open Letter

The particulars of a remarkable cure of consumption, after the patient had reached the last stages, related in the article published in SATURDAY NIGHT last week under the heading "An Open Letter from a Prominent Physician," has caused much comment. It is well known that physicians, as a rule, are averse to speaking words of praise for an advertised medicine, however meritorious it may be, and when one of them casts this prejudice aside and gives in plain unvarnished language the particulars of a case that must rank among the most remarkable in the practice of medicine, it is not only a noteworthy triumph for the medicine in question, but also reflects credit on the physician who has cast aside his professional prejudice and gives the result of his use of the medicine for the benefit of suffering humanity. In the articles published from time to time, vouching for by reliable newspapers, the public have had the strongest evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a medicine of remarkable merit, and now to these is added on the authority of a well known physician, over his signature, the particulars of a cure of consumption through the timely use of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. It cannot be too widely known that a remedy has been found that will cure this hitherto deadly and unconquerable disease, and if any of our readers have not read the article to which we refer we would advise them to look up last week's issue and give it a careful perusal. The facts related may prove of valuable assistance in a time of need.

The New Full Skirt.

SOMETHING new in skirts is demanded by lovers of novelty. This is at length achieved by Paquin of Paris, who has designed a wired skirt seven or eight yards in width at the foot, falling in godets nearly all around the wearer, on the sides as well as in the back, only a short space directly in front lying flat. To hold the many curves in places two steels as fine and flexible as watch springs are placed around the skirt, next the lining, one at the foot, the other eight or ten inches above, and short rubber straps

are added inside across each godet. That the front may be kept flat, it is shaped by a seam down the middle, and crossing this seam horizontally are several short whalebones in cases resting against the wearer, and extending only to the beginning of the first fluted pleats on the sides. There is very little fulness at the top of this skirt. It comes in the crepons and faced-cloths used for calling costumes, and is lined throughout with taffeta, and partly interlined with hair-cloth. It will be most used for carriage and house dresses. When intended for the street it must escape the ground well all around, as its great width, the steels and the rubber straps make holding it up impossible.

One of the handsomest dresses with the new skirt is of blue crepon, in lengthwise crinkles, without skirt trimming. The round waist is full on the silk lining, and is drawn in by a *ceinture* of *ceru* Venice guipure lace six inches wide, edged narrowly with dark brown mink-tail fur. A similar band of fur-edged lace crosses the back just below the collar, and extends smoothly down each of the sleeves to the elbow. Falling straight down the front from the throat is black satin ribbon eight inches wide beautifully embroidered in clusters and stripes with blue spangles and slit in two pieces after drooping as a blouse, each half-piece going around the waist as a belt and hooking in front. Huge sleeves in draped puffs at top, held by pleats at the elbow, have deep cuffs of black spangled satin. To make the blue dress becoming to the wearer it is completed by a collar of rose *mirroir* velvet, made in a new way with a high band that has two lapping points added on the sides to droop flatly, instead of standing upward and outward, as many trimmings now do.

Perforated cloths for the entire dress, or for the greater part of it, are novel fabrics, made up with the wide wired skirt. The perforations are in small squares in lengthwise rows, as if defining skirt breadths, and in more elaborate designs on the blouse. The silk lining of a contrasting color shows through the perforation, a corn-flower blue cloth gown showing cerise linings, black cloth showing light green, and brown cloth having a lining of yellow silver much *en evidence*. The blue cloth dress has a perforated blouse front drooping from a square yoke of black chiffon in clusters of small tucks laid smoothly over the cerise silk lining and edged with inch-wide embroidered galloon holding small black satin bows. The waist hooks on the left. Very large sleeves are of black tucked chiffon over red silk. A high collar of black satin is in the new shape, with two points or revers turned over on the sides. The belt is a bias fold of black satin, headed by wide gold braid, and the skirt has a similar fold around the foot. This dress is new and youthful-looking, and is being made as a calling dress for brides.

While lovers of extreme styles will adopt skirts of great width, there are many others of conservative taste who prefer something less striking. There are charmingly *chic* gowns, with only moderately wide skirts, side by side with the Paquin gowns in first importations for autumn and winter. These have plain skirts flaring to four or five yards at the foot, and held out there by a thick cord of candlewick covered with black satin. Long curved folds are down the back, but the sides and front are quite plain. Very little showy trimming is on the new skirts, but some elegant models have a point of applique velvet or cloth or satin down the front, or perhaps two points, one on each side; or there may be five points graduating longest in the front. Few draped skirts are seen. A smooth breadth of satin or of velvet bordered with heavy Venice lace is in the front of house dresses. Embroidery on



Try...



The Best Plug Cut

taffeta silk, either black or white, done in open designs of marguerites of large size, is used as sleeves, yoke, and revers over gay-colored linings on dark dresses of satin or silk. White applique lace in large branching designs is on the waist and sleeves of a light green cloth corsage worn with a skirt of the darkest bottle green. Very heavy Venice laces of dark *ceru* tints come in vandyke points that are laid over velvet of bright green or of copper red for trimming black velvet capes, and for making yokes and girdles on waists of blue cloth gowns. Fur edges, especially of the different shades of mink, trim *ceru* laces, while many others are beaded and spangled with black jet, or with blue jet or with gilt. Velvet of a contrasting color is cut out in quaint designs, and applied around the hips and foot of cloth skirts, the cloth edges being brought over the velvet and stitched in double rows. The gayest Scotch plaid velvets are used as a draped collar, yoke and belt on dresses of brown or dark blue crepon with charming effect. The handsomest black dress yet shown is of black satin with sleeves of open marguerite embroidery on black taffeta over green satin, and a square yoke of similar embroidery on white taffeta over the greener waist-lining. The round waist is simply made, with its slight fulness taken in two pleats into an inch-wide belt of black satin ribbon, having in the back a very large long bow, and fastened in front under a tiny bow of the belt ribbon. Pleated jabots of the black embroidery start from the corners of the white yoke and taper to a point at the belt. To give more color a large *chou* of taffeta ribbon of two shades of rose-color is placed at the left corner of the yoke, and a huge bow of these ribbons is at the back of the collar-band of white silk embroidery. The satin skirt of six wide green godets in the skirt is lined with green taffeta. A new feature is pads of soft wadding pendent from the belt inside the lining around the hips and back, to give sufficient size that

the top of the skirt may lie smoothly. For trimming are five points of the black open embroidery inserted to show the green silk lining. These begin at the belt, and extend longest toward the middle. Such a gown is suitable for various ages, brides choosing it for the one black gown of the *trousseau*, and women of middle age finding it not too youthful, as it can be made becoming by the color used under the open embroidery. —*LA MODE.*

Acetocura

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Rev. Alex. Gilray, Toronto, says so.
See pamphlet.

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Cures La Grippe and Pneumonia.
Rev. A. Hill, Toronto, says so.
See pamphlet.

Acetocura

Cures Corns.
Rev. P. C. Hedley, Boston, says so.
See pamphlet.

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Cures Headaches and Toothache.
Mr. A. Cowan, Toronto, says so.
See pamphlet.

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Cures Spinal Complaints.
Mr. W. Calder, Toronto, says so.
See pamphlet.

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SUNLIGHT SOAP

Music.

THE rumored revival of the historic Philharmonic Society, with the possibility of two oratorio organizations entering the field during the coming season, has furnished a fruitful theme of discussion in musical circles during the past week. It is generally felt that whatever might be the artistic effect of two rival societies operating in the sphere of oratorio, the idea could only result in the end in financial disaster to one or both organizations. The unfortunate plight of the Philharmonic Society is a matter which no local musician can reflect upon without feelings of regret that after so many years of work in this city the standard-bearers of the organization are facing the contingency of personally paying the large indebtedness of the organization. Many and conflicting reasons are being advanced as to the causes which have contributed to the collapse, temporarily at least, of the pioneer musical society. Some of our most prominent supporters of music have pointed out to me during the past few days that the cause of oratorio never flourished so satisfactorily, either financially or artistically, as in the days when the Philharmonic and Choral Societies were both in the field battling for supremacy. A competent and impartial critic recently stated in conversation with me that in his opinion the finest performances of oratorio ever heard in Toronto were the Choral Society's production of Samson, some ten or twelve years ago, and the work of the Philharmonic Society of about the same period, an instance, he held, of the salutary effect of wholesome rivalry. As matters stand at present, however, it is not very probable that any local conductor would consent to undertake the building up of the old Philharmonic unless Mr. Torrington might be induced to throw himself into the breach once more and amalgamate the Festival Association Chorus with the Philharmonic under the old name. Mr. Torrington has, I understand, stated in a morning paper that there existed no defect on his part so far as the Philharmonic is concerned. This being the case, there should be no great difficulty in arranging for an amalgamation of the two apparently conflicting interests mentioned. Any other scheme would be likely to antagonize sections of our musical public just at a period when, if oratorio is to resume its old-time place in the affections of our people, concentrated effort alone will bring about the desired result. A number of resident conductors' names have been suggested in connection with a possible revival of the Philharmonic as a rival of the Festival Association. Of these who might be available, several have particularly impressed me as qualified to undertake such work. I might mention J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac., who has successfully conducted similar societies in England, and Mr. Walter H. Robinson, whose ability as a chorus conductor has been demonstrated on many occasions both in this city and in various parts of the province. His prompt and effective work during the preparations for last year's production of Antigone averted a disaster which, I am informed, at one time threatened to shipwreck the entire scheme. Mr. J. Lewis Browne has also given excellent proof of his ability in the sphere of orchestral and choral work in different cities of the United States, notably Minneapolis and San Francisco. It is not probable, however, that two societies will undertake organization. Such a move would be inadvisable, notwithstanding that material might exist for equipping them.

A meeting of the Toronto Vocal Society was held last week at their room in the Y.M.C.A. building, Yonge street, and the following officers and committee were unanimously elected for the ensuing season: President, George Musson; first vice-president, D. Kemp; second vice-president, James Hedley; committee, Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. Shields, Miss Sturrock, J. N. Sutherland, William Fahey and Fred W. E. Harper; librarian, W. J. Macnamara; hon. secretary-treasurer, J. Fraser Macdonald.

The first rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir was held in the Guild Hall, McGill street, on Monday evening last, about one hundred and sixty choristers being present. Following is the list of officers of the society for this season: Patron, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; president, Major A. M. Cosby; 1st vice president, Mr. W. E. Rundle; 2nd vice president, Mr. J. H. Willson; secretary, Mr. W. H. Elliott; assistant-secretary, Mr. A. E. Huestle; treasurer, Mr. T. Harold Mason; assistant-treasurer, Mr. A. S. Glasgow. Committee: Mrs. George Tate Blackstock, Mrs. (Dr.) Macdonald, Mrs. J. E. Lye, W. H. Hewlett, S. Simul, W. C. Fox and A. L. E. Davies; conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt.

By reference to the advertisement of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in another column it will be noticed that this institution, with its characteristic enterprise, is offering for open competition six free scholarships of the value of upwards of six hundred dollars. These being offered in six principal departments and under teachers of well known professional ability, together with the advanced and systematic character of the Conservatory's work, should induce many to make the effort to secure free instruction of such a desirable nature.

The Canadian Entertainment Bureau, which contains among its list of artists Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, incorrectly refers to the Toronto Male Chorus Club as the Toronto Male Quartette. At the request of the Bureau I draw attention to this error, which occurs on the page devoted to Mr. Tripp, conductor of the Male Chorus Club.

The extraordinary progress made by the music firm of Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. since its establishment but a few years ago, is one of the most remarkable features in the history of the music trades in this country. In the departments of smaller musical instruments, full equipments for orchestras and brass bands, foreign and Canadian sheet music, etc., the stand already taken by this

firm is a matter of surprise when one remembers its comparatively recent organization. Considerable attention has been attracted of late by the excellent quality of the Reimers and Whaley-Royce pianos, now being manufactured by this firm. A rapidly increasing sale and the endorsement of these instruments by many of our leading musicians is sufficient proof of their superior character.

Mr. Theodore Thomas, the eminent conductor, has accepted the dedication of Mr. J. Lewis Browne's orchestration of Bach's great D major Fugue, which is to be published immediately, simultaneously in Toronto and Leipzig, full score and parts. Following is a copy of Mr. Thomas's letter of acceptance:

J. LEWIS BROWNE, Esq.:
DEAR SIR.—Your letter of September 2 did not reach me until this morning, owing to absence from my summer home. I shall be much interested to see your score of the D major Fugue. Of course, you mean the great organ fugue, which ought to be very effective for string orchestra. I accept the dedication with pleasure and appreciate the compliment. I shall return to Chicago on October 1. Hoping to meet you some time in the near future, I am, very truly yours,
THEODORE THOMAS.
Fairhaven, Mass., Sept. 19, 1894.

Mr. George E. Brame, the well known teacher of singing and theory, has organized his classes for the season for the study of solfeggi, part-singing and sight-reading. Too much importance cannot be attached to this particular branch of work. A contemporary in speaking of Mr. Brame refers in high terms of praise to his thorough and scientific knowledge of the musical scale and describes his method as being clear, definite and entertaining.

Signor D'Alessandro and his orchestra have returned from Niagara-on-the-Lake after fulfilling a very successful summer engagement there. This orchestra, which is composed of a well balanced combination of harps, mandolins, guitars and flutes, plays its special style of music with admirable expression and artistic effect, some of the selections arranged for them, such as the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana and characteristic Spanish music, lending themselves particularly well to a scoring for the instruments named. The D'Alessandro orchestra is in great demand at social functions, dinners, parties, receptions, etc., and also accepts engagements for balls, in which case a violin contingent is added. During the past season at the Queen's Royal Niagara, the playing of the first mentioned section of this band created the greatest enthusiasm, the American visitors particularly being loud in their praises of the efficiency of the organization.

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Mrs. Bendelari and the Messrs. Bendelari have returned from their island home, The Willows. The summer sojourn has undoubtedly benefited this charming lady, but she is very far from being her old bright self and has still to live very quietly until completely restored.

The United Typothetae of America, an association of employing printers and publishers and representatives of kindred trades, met in convention at Philadelphia during the past week. Elaborate entertainment preparations had been made by the Philadelphia association, and a most enjoyable week was spent by the visiting delegates. Those who went from Toronto were: Mr. A. F. Rutter, President of the Toronto Employing Printers' Association, and Messrs. James Murray, W. A. Shepard, S. Frank Wilson, R. L. Patterson, Fred Diver and a party of ladies. A committee of the ladies of Philadelphia looked after the comfort and entertainment of the visiting ladies and added greatly to the enjoyment of those not directly concerned with the convention. At the session of the Typothetae held on Friday morning, the officers of the ensuing year were elected. Mr. A. F. Rutter of Toronto was elected sixth vice-president and Mr. James Murray, also of Toronto, was elected a member of the executive board.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was celebrated at St. George's church, Guelph, on Monday week, when D. T. H. Orton led to the altar Miss Fannie Reynolds, second daughter of Mr. William Reynolds. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Dixon, R. V. J. H. Ross and Rev. A. J. Belt of St. James'. The service was choral, Mrs. Harvey presiding at the organ. The bride entered the church with her father, in a handsome gown of white *peau de soie*. A small spray of orange blossoms took the place of the time-honored wreath, and she carried a shower bouquet of white bridal roses. The little maids of honor were: Misses Ethel and Lou Reynolds, youngest sisters of the bride, and Miss Nora Robinson, niece of the groom. They looked sweet in dainty frocks of white India silk, white chip hats trimmed with ostrich feathers, and carried baskets of exotics. The groomsmen were Dr. H. S. Berkett of Montreal. After the ceremony a reception was held at Park House, the residence of the bride's father. Dr. and Mrs. Orton left at 5.40 for a short trip to the Eastern provinces, and on their return from their honeymoon will take up their residence in Guelph. One part of the drawing-room of Park House is literally filled with presents. They are from friends in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and almost every city in Canada.

Sometimes an indiscriminating and careless outsider surprises a *tele-a-tele* of an interesting nature with the *mal a propos* question, "What are you two talking about?" In place of blushing hesitation the proper reply is promptly as follows: "The war in China." It is generally silencing. Try it.

Miss Nelle Howes of Oak Park, Chicago, who will be remembered as the charming soprano and former pupil of Moulton Ladies' College, is the guest of Mrs. O'Regan of 324 Wellesley street.

Miss Flossie Coles of St. Patrick street has gone on a visit to London.

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Attention is directed to the Mantle Sale announcement of Mr. Nicholas Rooney in another column in this issue.

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No. 3 Special { Finest ever brought to Toronto. Rare and extra fancy Russian Congee Tea, the grade generally sent to Russia; this grade would ordinarily sell for \$1.25 to \$1.50 per lb.; our regular price \$1; special this week only 75c.
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Social and Personal.

Mr. B. Wallace Robinson of St. James avenue leaves next Thursday for Denver, Colorado, where he will spend the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. T. P. Weir have taken up their residence at 53 Charles street. Mrs. Weir will be at home to her friends on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, October 3 and 4.

Lord Hawke's cricketers will be in town for the Victoria Club dance, which they are expected to attend. Lady and Miss De Trafford are also to be the guests of the Victoria next Thursday.

Brampton society has been looking forward with some interest to the marriage which took place there on Wednesday week of Mr. Charles W. Robinson to Miss Maud Tilt, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Tilt, and niece of the late Mr. James Tilt, Q.C. The marriage ceremony was performed at 7.30 p.m. by Rev. William Walsh, rector of Christ church, at the residence of the bride's father. The bride's dress was of cream silk trimmed with white lace, worn with a beautiful wreath of orange blossoms and a veil. She was attended by Miss Sylvester of Lindsay and Miss Florence Scott of Brampton. Miss Sylvester's costume was of blue silk trimmed with point lace. Miss Scott looked charming in a white dress trimmed with white lace. The best man was Mr. William Tilt, brother of the bride, and the bride's usher, Dr. Dwyer of Toronto. Over one hundred guests were present at the ceremony and were during the evening royally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Tilt, whose handsome residence was brilliantly illuminated and tastefully decorated with a profusion of choice flowers. A pleasing feature was the unexpected appearance of the Brampton band on the lawn, where they played many appropriate and pleasing airs during the evening. Among the guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. G. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ritchie, Mr. Robert L. Fraser, Q.C., of Toronto, Mr. and the Misses McCulla, Mr. John Smith, M.P.P., and Mrs. Smith, Mr. S. W. McKeown of Toronto, Mr. John and the Misses Pexton, Mrs. and the Misses Coyne, Mr. J. M. Scott, the Misses Scott, Mr. Joseph and the Misses Tilt of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beattie and many others. The popularity of the bride was attested by the many costly wedding presents. Among them were a cheque for \$5,000 to the bride from her father and an exceedingly handsome dinner and tea set from the bride's mother. After many toasts had been honored at the wedding table, the happy couple left on the 10.45 p.m. train for the East, where they intend visiting New York and other cities before they return to Brampton, where they will permanently reside.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday at the residence of Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, niece of the hostess, was united in marriage to Mr. W. H. Oates of Bloomfield Park, near Sheffield, England. The bridesmaids were her two charming sisters, Miss Beatrix and Miss Ella Arnoldi, while the groom was attended by Mr. Charles J. Arnoldi. Mrs. Arnoldi, the bride's mother, has resided at 20 Hazelton avenue, but has been in mourning and has consequently taken part in no social functions. It is a loss that circumstances have prevented society seeing more of such a bright and charming lady before her departure as a bride to England, where the happy couple have gone, intending to travel and return to reside in Toronto after a time.

I am told that the Board of the Bodleian library of Oxford has given Mr. Wyly Grier the commission for a portrait of Professor Goldwin Smith, which is to be hung in that interesting edifice on its completion. The artist, whose genius has made so many of our beautiful women joys forever on canvas, has very interesting affairs on hand just now, and there will be wedding chimes in the near future.

The Unfettered Press.

"Now, Mr. Smith," said the able editor, addressing his newly engaged assistant, "you will make your leaders pithy, forcible and, above all things, timely. When you have occasion to strike, deal stunning blows straight from the shoulder. There must be no mincing matters, sir; no compromising with evil; no palliation of abuses, you understand."

"Exactly, sir," was the reply; "I intend, first, to expose the corruption existing in the municipal government. I propose to snow up the rotten—"

"Ah—yes! But—er—er—we do the city printing, and—well, you see—"

"H'm! It is also my intention to touch upon the laxity of our divorce laws and the manner—"

"Well—er—Colonel Corker, the uncle of the young man who recently eloped with his sister-in-law, and is now suing for divorce on

Further Shipments of MANTLES

We have opened this week some later novelties. Our stock is now complete.



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the grounds of emotional insanity, owns stock in this paper, and— you know—"

"Er—ah! I see! Well, then, a triumphant outburst about the present prosperity of our city and the glorious prospects for future—"

"Old Hunka, who owns this building, would raise the rent at once."

"H'm! Let me see! In to-morrow's issue I will dwell at considerable length on the utility of attempting to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; upon the following day prove beyond controversy that the Prophet Elijah was stuck on himself; and on Thursday I'll draw a melancholy picture of the awful loneliness of the last white rhinoceros in Central Africa."

"By Jove, Mr. Pensmith! Just follow out that line, let the chips fall where they may, and I'll double your salary next month."—Puck.

A Sad Experience.

It was during the progress of the picnic given in Jurnigan's Grove by the Methodist Sabbath school of Hawville, Oklahoma.

Alkali Ike, who sings bass in the choir, and Miss Lillie Casack, the soprano, had wandered a short distance from the scene of the festivities and seated themselves on a moss-covered log which lay at the foot of a tall tree.

The gallant's arm had strayed around the maiden's slender waist and lingered there, apparently to the profound satisfaction of both persons, and Isaac had asked, for the sixteenth time:

"Does oo love me, Lillie?"

"Course I do!" replied the maid, snuggling closer to him. "I love you gooder than any— oh, mercy! I do believe there is some kind of a

horrid animal up in this tree!"

"We'll soon see!" remarked Ike, grimly, at the same time drawing his revolver and firing a few shots into the foliage above. "I'll stir the varmint up a little, anyhow."

At that instant a reproachful voice was heard proceeding from the canopy of leaves above their heads:

"How long, O Lord! How long!"

"What the dev— That is, who are you?" demanded Ike.

"All that remains of Hercules P. Smith," was the reply. "I was in swimming before the picnicers came and a cow ate up the most of my clothes before I noticed her. I chased her through a blackberry tangle, and then a stray dog, that appeared to be mad, chased me back again. Then the coming of the Sabbath school drove me up this tree and here I have been ever since, with a hornet's nest on one bough and a snake on another. And now you are trying to finish the job by assassinating me."

"Why didn't you come down before?"

"Well, you see, I happen to be engaged myself to Miss Casack, whom you are hugging."—Life.

An Omaha Real Estate Story.

They tell a story of a man who came into Omaha one day and wanted to trade his farm for some city lots. "All right," replied the real estate agent. "Get into my buggy and I'll drive you out to see some of the finest residence sites in the world—water, sewers, paved streets, cement sidewalks, electric light, shade trees, and all that sort of thing." and away they drove four or five miles into the

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country. The real estate agent expatiated upon the beauty of the surroundings, the value of the improvements made and projected, the convenience of the location, the ease and speed with which people who lived there could reach town, and the certainty of an active demand for such lots in the immediate future. Then, when he was breathless, he turned to his companion and asked:

"Where's your farm?"

"We passed it coming out here," was the reply. "It's about two miles nearer town."—Chicago Record.

A minister having walked through a village churchyard and observed the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote upon the gate-post the following: "Here lie the dead, and here the living lie!"

Bolker (meditatively)—My experience has taught me one curious thing. Hobbs—Hae, eh? What is it? Bolker—That the closer a man is, the harder it is to touch him.

Minnie—She was once engaged to the Earl of Earlsmore, but her mother broke it off. May—Why? Minnie—She had been under the impression that the alliance would make her a dowager-countess.

Mr. Justjoined—What on earth are you trying to do?

Mrs. Justjoined—I was reading about cooking by electricity, so I hung the chops on the electric bell, and I've been pushing the button for half an hour, but it doesn't seem to work.

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Birth.

WARWICK—Sept. 25, at 427 Markham street, Toronto.

Mrs. C. E. Warwick—a son.

BAKER—Sept. 22, Mr. R. L. Baker—a daughter.

GOPFORTH—Sept. 22, Mrs. J. Gopforth—a daughter.

LESLIE—Sept. 21, Mr. George H. Leslie—a daughter.

REID—Sept. 21, Mrs. R. E. Reid—a daughter.

STOVEL—Sept. 20, Mrs. R. Stovel—a son.

MUTCH—Sept. 19, Mr. John Mutch—a daughter.

PETERSON—Sept. 19, Mr. A. F. Peterson—a son.

SMITH—Sept. 21, Mrs. J. J. Smith—a son.

McDIARMID—Sept. 22, Mrs. A. P. McDiarmid—a daughter.

HARDY—Sept. 20, Mrs. E. A. Hardy—a daughter.

JEFFREY—Sept. 21, Mrs. J. S. Jeffrey—a son.

TROTTER—Sept. 21, Mrs. T. Trotter—a daughter.

McLACHLAN—Sept. 25, Mrs. Robert McLachlan—a son.

PERRY—Sept. 20, Mr. George A. Perry—a son.

INWOOD—Sept. 20, Mr. F. G. Inwood—a daughter.

Marriages.

BROWN—GROVER—On Sept. 22, at All Saint's church by Rev. A. H. Baldwin, Charles F. Brown to Grace E. Grover, both of Toronto.

JEFFREY—YOUNG—Sept. 25, Charles Fraser J. Jeffrey to Marion A. Young.

McCULLOUGH—JOHNSTON—Sept. 25, Dr. H. R. McCullough to Agnes Johnston.

OATES—ARNOLD—Sept. 16, William H. Oates to Christina May Arnold.

PARKES—ROWAN—Sept. 25, William James Parkes to Louisa Jane Rowan.

RIDOUT—SWABEY—Sept. 20, Andrew William Ridout to Ida Swabay.

RENEON—FOXTON—Sept. 26, Rev. R. Renison to Millie Foxton.

STICKNEY—MANNING—Sept. 18, Edwin W. Stickney to Julia E. Manning.

ROBERTS—GAIR—Sept. 6, Norman A. Roberts to Jane Gair.

GORDON—BEAMISH—Sept. 10, G. W. Gordon to Annie Beamish.

ARMSTRONG—FERGUSON—Sept. 18, Rev. N. L. Armstrong to Frances A. Fergusson.

CHALMERS—KENNEDY—Sept. 12, Dr. A. P. Chalmers to Helen Kennedy.

WILKINSON—COATES—Sept. 5, P. J. Wilkinson to Annie M. Coates.

STRIKE—ELFORD—Sept. 19, Rev. A. J. Harvey Strike to Ella May Elford.

ROOD—BOOTH—Sept. 20, Col. John R. Rood, R.E., to Fanny Booth.

BUCKER—HARDY—Sept. 19, Charles Bucker to Stella Hardy.

BARWOOD—MOYER—Sept. 19, Harry S. Barwood to Maggie Moyer.

HUTCHINS—JOHNSTON—Sept. 19, William Hutchins to Katharine Mary Johnston.

ARMSTRONG—STODDART—Sept. 20, William R. Armstrong to Annie E. Stoddart.

CARDWELL—KENNEDY—Sept. 19, William F. Cardwell to Thelma Kennedy.

Deaths.

GOLDIE—Sept. 24, David Goldie, aged 63.

RUPERT—Sept. 10, Mary Rupert, aged 55.

AMBRIDGE—Sept. 15, George W. Ambridge, aged 49.

FOREMAN—Sept. 24, Charles Foreman, aged 74.

MOORE—Sept. 24, Rodney Moore, aged 68.

FOWLER—Sept. 18, David Fowler, aged 84.

MITCHELL—Sept. 23, Robert Mitchell, aged 61.

HIBBITT—Sept. 22, Richard Hibbitt, aged 57.

COURTNEY—Sept. 23, John Courtney, aged 58.

ANNIS—Sept. 22, Levi Annis, aged 71.

CULL—Sept. 22, Marian Hind Cull, aged 63.

O'BRIEN—Sept. 22, Mary O'Brien, aged 70.

DEMPEY—Sept. 23, George A. Dempsey, aged 25.

MONETTE—Sept. 23, Edward Monette, aged 33.

AYRE—Sept. 25, John Ayre, aged 48.

BURTON—Sept. 19, Mary Burton, aged 93.

STEVENS—Sept. 12, John C. Stevens, aged 65.

McKINNON—Sept. 14, Nina McKinnon, aged 20.

DR. G. L. BALL

Following dissolution of partnership, remains in Dr. Hipsley's late office, cor. Yonge and Gerrard streets.

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New York, Oct. 10, 11 a.m. Berlin, Oct. 24, 11 a.m.

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